

The Sketch

No. 1213—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



"BINNY": MISS BEATRICE HALE (DAUGHTER OF MR. ROBERT HALE), WHO IS GOING ON THE STAGE.

The innumerable admirers of that clever comedian, Mr. Robert Hale, who has made "countless thousands" laugh, will hear with pleasure that his daughter Beatrice is to make her appearance on the stage shortly, and will, no doubt, carry on the paternal tradition. Mr. Robert Hale is nothing if not versatile, and is said to have "played

everything." In this, we may cheerfully anticipate, he is only giving a lead to his charming daughter, who is already known to be a born mimic, her "take off" of a famous comedian being said to be even more gay than Graves. Miss "Binny" Hale may count upon a warm welcome for her own and her popular father's sake.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF THE WAR: LADIES



A WORKER AT THE BRITISH RED CROSS CENTRAL WORKROOMS:
MISS NELLY RIDGE JONES.



PROVIDER OF FOOTBALLS (MORE ESPECIALLY) FOR SOLDIERS AT THE
FRONT: LADY BYRON.



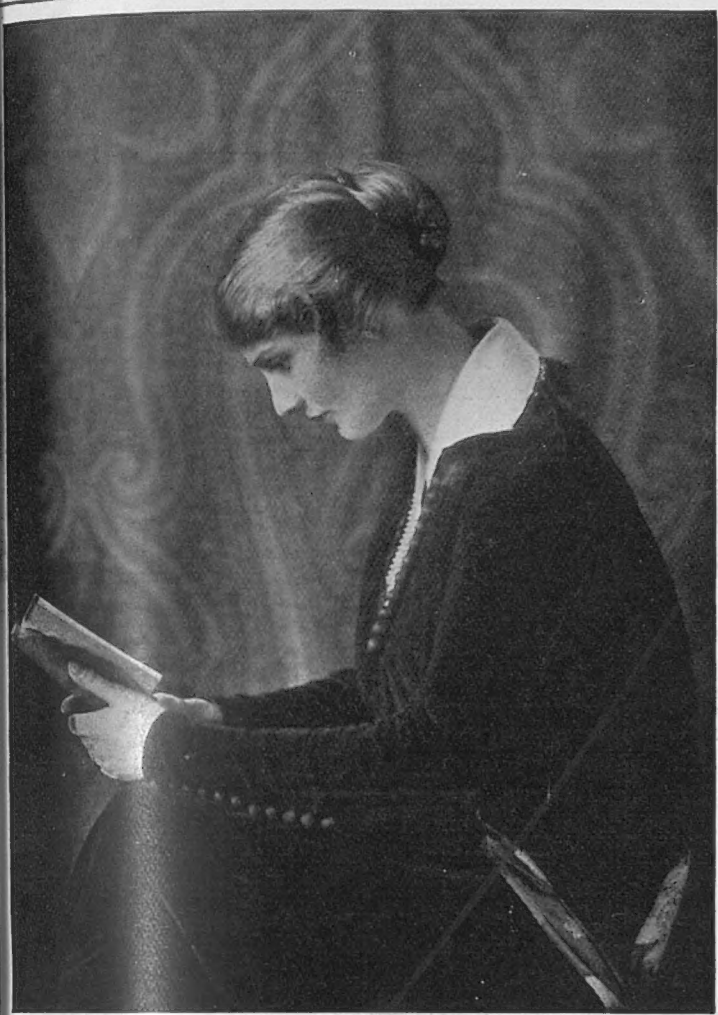
A LADY WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN WOUNDED: THE HON. MRS.
RICHARD BETHELL—AND HER SON.



WIFE OF THE M.P. AND K.C. WHO HAS BEEN TO RUSSIA ON MUNITIONS
BUSINESS: MRS. E. G. HEMMERDE.

Miss Nelly Ridge Jones, who has worked at the British Red Cross Central Workrooms since they were inaugurated, is the daughter of Dr. Thomas Ridge Jones, the well-known London physician. She has two brothers serving somewhere on the Western Front, while a third (a doctor) is in Egypt, and a fourth is working at a naval base.—The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, whose husband has been wounded, is the wife of Lord Westbury's only son, and, before her marriage, in 1911, was Miss Evelyn Lucia Hutton. She is a daughter of the late Colonel George Morland Hutton, C.B., of Gate Burton Hall, Lincoln. Her son, Richard, was born in 1914. Mr. Bethell is in the Scots Guards.—Mrs. H. C. B. Underdown has lent her beautiful house, Buchenhan, Tofts Hall, Munford, Norfolk, for use as a hospital for wounded soldiers.—The Hon. Ruth Scarlett, who has been nursing at a Maidstone Hospital since the beginning of the war, is the only sister of Lord Abinger. She was raised to the rank of a Baron's daughter in 1904.—Lady Byron, who has been doing

PERSONALLY INTERESTED IN THE FIGHTING.



LENDER OF A HOUSE FOR USE AS A HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED:
MRS. H. C. B. UNDERDOWN.



NURSING AT A MAIDSTONE HOSPITAL SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR:
THE HON. RUTH SCARLET.



DOING MUCH WORK TO RELIEVE THE WOUNDED:
THE HON. MRS. GUY WILSON



A WASHER-UP IN A LOCAL HOSPITAL: THE HON. VICTORIA
ERSKINE.

much war work, and, especially, has been the means of supplying men at the front with a large number of footballs, is the wife of the ninth Baron Byron. At the time of her marriage, in 1901, she was known as Miss Fanny Lucy Radmall, and she is the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Radmall, of Lawrence Lodge, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.—Mrs. E. G. Hemmerde is the wife of the well-known K.C. who has been Member for North-West Norfolk since 1912, and is well known as a playwright, particularly by "A Butterfly on the Wheel," which he wrote in conjunction with Mr. Francis Neilson, M.P. Mr. Hemmerde has just returned from Russia, which he has been visiting in connection with munition supplies.—The Hon. Mrs. Guy Wilson is the wife of Lord Nunburnholme's brother, and was Miss Avery Fowell Buxton. She has done much to help the wounded.—The Hon. Victoria Erskine is the only daughter of Lord Erskine. She was born in 1897.—[Photographs by Yevonde, Elliott and Fry, Sarony, Russell, Park, and l'Estrange.]

PHYNETTE'S LETTERS.

PSYCHOMYSTERY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

VERY sorry, Camarades, I answered only one or two of your letters in my last, because there was only enough white space for those, but I believe I do receive them all, even if I can't acknowledge them "eachably" and thank yous. Why, there is a very young one of yous (you couldn't make me believe you are an old and austere officer) whom I ought to have thanked ever so long ago for his inspired verses beginning with "Teach me to dance," and, after varied and graduated requests for tuition in other branches of knowledge, ending with "to Paradise with thee." That would be "trotting" fast, *mon ami*, and, heavens, "Stepping" high—what! But you are not hurtled, are you, that I poke joke at you? I do like your verses awfully, "A. W. H.," really. Thank you. What would you teach me in return?



"On Sundays I am engaged too . . . but differently!"

and personal meaning! No popular melodramatist and capilo-discoverer was in my thoughts just then—in fact, I was thinking of the Savoy play with which I inaugurated my convalescence the other night. I enjoyed it through and through. I love to quake and gasp, and murmur under my breath, ' *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* Oh, oh, ah, ah!" in turn, and feel delightfully frightened, and know that, whatever terrific things are happening on the stage, here I am, safe and comfy, near—near Aunt Barbara, let us say. At the most breath-holding moments I just gripped the arm under mine—the fauteuil's, of course; and you—*it*, I mean—seemed to return a gentle, reassuring pressure. Mere matter of wood and plush that arm, will you say. *Perhaps*; yet such is the power of psychometry, as I reflected while I was being held (wait a minute), held enthralled, watching the rush of tragic and comic things happening on the stage. Every woman will understand what I mean. 'Twas the same sort of fearful joy as being piloted through the densest traffic in Piccadilly Circus, say, and closing your eyes and utterly trusting your pilot. I have heard of women who can actually cross streets all by themselves; yes, and cause motor-buses to rear on their hind-legs, and



"Teach me to dance . . . To Paradise with thee."

"F. P.," who is coming home on leave shortly, and is very keen on not wasting time, is asking me (please let me finish my sentence before smiling) is asking me what show he should go to when in town. So much depends on your own taste, "F. P." What usually does most gladden your eye, young man, besides your Colonel's countenance?

A show may mean anything from the tightest tights and widest smiles and samples of all sorts in Revuesque row to the hair-raisingest, cold-shiverest detective play. Please, good people, to the term "hair-raising" I did not "*atatcho*" no, any particular



"I admire such plucky, capable creatures!"

TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

serenely be banged into by people (the women, not the 'buses!), and even buy themselves their own Parma violets opposite the Criterion. I admire such plucky, capable creatures, but—they don't know what they are missing! To come back to "The Barton Mystery," it is just one long thrill stuffed with surprises, and H. B. Irving, as the psychic detective Beverley, is as admirable as always. The whole cast is excellent. I say, "F. P.," if you go and see the play, will you tell me whether you think Beverley-Irving is a genuine psychometrist, mystic, sensitive spiritualist and clairvoyant: or whether he is the finest fraud that

ever was; or whether, again, he is all that in turn and at the same time? I did not agree on the subject with—whom did I say before I went with?—oh, yes, Aunt Barbara. But then, you see, *he* is a sceptic is Aunt Barbara; while I believe that almost everything is possible. Psychometry, for instance. This is how the programme, quoting Maurice Maeterlinck, explains it: "Psychometry is the faculty possessed by certain persons of placing themselves in relations, either spontaneously or for the most part through the intermediary of some object, with unknown and often very distant things and people."

Exactly. Why, it is quite an ordinary phenomenon, if sometimes awkward for the person to whom the object belongs! At this very moment I am holding a letter from a "girl" readeress who signs "Sadie." She suggests to me a subject for an article which "she" says would thrill yous. I quite believe "her," but I don't believe it could possibly interest her too—if "she" really is a girl, that is, and if the Censor would let me write around "her" subject. Now for a little experiment. I hold "her" letter, I close my eyes, and, to quote Beverley-Irving, "All is dark, dark, very dark."

(Who says "Hear, hear"? This is serious, Sirs.) Dark. Then, little by little, I see the Brighton front (let me look at the stamp of that letter again)—yes, I see the Brighton front, or perhaps a certain Palm Court, or—no, it is not, it could not be the bar, could it?—and there, in the Palm Court, I see

a nice wounded "you" with a twinkle all over his face, and a grin the corners of which meet at the back of his head, with his tongue in both cheeks, and his fountain-pen in his hand. He is writing in ladylike letters "Dear Phrynette." Own up, "Sadie," be a sport; own up that you are one of yous who wanted to—how say you in your quaint English, to "push my arm," is it? Well, am I a psychometrist or am I not?

The fact that women dress less doesn't mean that they have less clothes to their backs, nor does it mean a saving in guineas. I say guineas instead of pounds, shillings, and pence because dressmakers, like doctors, despise the bourgeois sound of pound. Well, then, though we go in less for evening dresses and fancy frocks, wardrobes are just as full, for who is there among us who does not collect a few uniforms now a day? Why, Dorothy



"I spied a fat, bald, and ancient shop-walker, . . . arraying with loving care the very coy figure of a wax lady in an X-ray retiring-robe."

was telling me that she has no less than four uniforms—all awfully becoming. You see, on Thursdays she attends at the — Hospital, as a nurse in a white overall and half-a-yard of muslins trying to hide her fluffy hair. She is plump and *petite*, and looks somewhat like a snowball sunny and ready to melt. Then on Fridays, all in grey from head to foot, she works the lift from two to four at the — Hospital. On Mondays, in khaki clothes, she strikes terror in the mere pedestrian by racing wildly about in a car that she drives herself for the Women Volunteer Corps. On Wednesdays, all in blue, she pours tea, drops plates, and spills milk with a will and a disarming dimple in a canteen for munition workers. I was most interested at Dorothy's quick-change activities. "And on Sundays you rest at last?" I asked. "Oh, on Sundays I am engaged"—she smiled, getting prettily pink—"but differently!" And she showed me her little left hand, on which shone a new engagement-ring. Strenuous Spring! In that canteen, in spite of breakages and occasional scaldings of necks as Dorothy passes, she is loved and known as one of the "G. S." (good sort), the other classification being the "F. L." (fine ladies).

For not all canteen workers are liked alike. Some, the "G. S.," are altruistic; and others, the "F. L.," are—well, they are altruistic too. They like to give the world—or at least Society—photographs of themselves in aprons and useful attitudes. Dorothy was very much amused the other day at a pretty "F. L." who had come to "help." After having stepped statuesquely out of her car (statuesquely is a figure of speech), and having been snapped in working order—smiling over bread-and-butter, dignified with a miniature Pisa tower of tea-cups in her arms, or daintily wiping an already clean and dry tumbler—Dorothy saw her, when the photographers had departed, staring sadly at a greasy plate which other less decorative or distinguished helpers had forgotten to remove from the table. The pretty "F. L." shook her head. "Ah, well," she murmured, taking a desperate resolution, "I suppose I'll have to remove that plate *myself*!" And she actually did! It's wonderful what women can do with their hands when they have found their feet, so to speak. Of course, work is ennobling and all that: but some people do manage to look vastly amusing while they are being ennobled. I was in a shop yesterday buying those steel leash-clasps (no, I am not going in for a pack of hounds: those things are used as fastenings on the new coats. Quite an amusing trimming—it looks as if chisel and mallet were required to force the belt open); and in the next department—undies—I spied a fat, bald, and ancient shop-walker, very respectable in grey trousers and black coat and waistcoat, somewhat suggestive of a belated bridegroom, arraying with loving care the very coy figure of a wax lady in an X-ray retiring-robe (nicely said, what?) But the lady showed no retiring disposition—she stared shamelessly.

They made really a most funny couple. Of course, a poor old shop-walker can't do much; but, before the war, wasn't it irritating to watch lusty young chaps in "cushy" jobs, to quote your expression, such as folding silk lengths or cutting velvet "on the cross"?

I bought that nightie as a present for Aunt Barbara. She confided to me the other day that since the Zeppelin raids she always tried to look pretty in bed, and wore a nightgown with short sleeves.

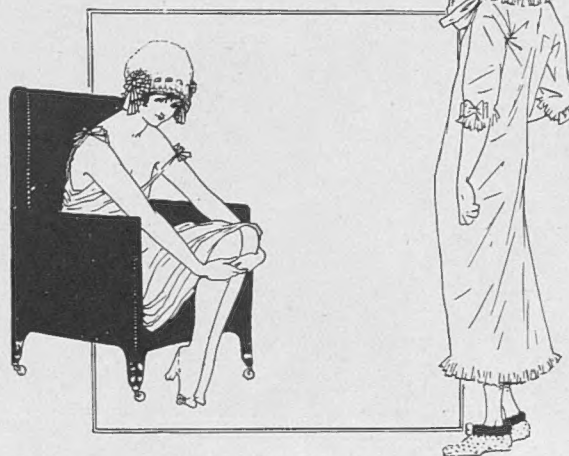
I am not quite sure she'll wear the one I bought for her yesterday. She may find it "a bit"—how say you, "too thick" or "too thin"? But it is intention that counts, and a present is a present whether wearable or not; and if Aunt Barbara doesn't want it—why, it will fit me quite nicely!

You'll be relieved to hear, Messieurs, that pearls are not worn so large as they used to be, nor the ropes as long. It doesn't mean that quite every woman has sold her favourite jewels for the war-chest, but that those who have a sense of the fitness of things refrain from flaunting around their necks something representing in value from a Y.M.C.A. hut to an ambulance-car. It might prove heavy on one's conscience. So the pearls—those, anyway, that are as big as small marbles—are resting on their velvet until after the war. And many women who are wearing artificial ones of the same size are careful to explain prettily, "Oh, these are merely 'culture' pearls, you know!"—the women, that is, who think reputation more precious than pearls. I believe it was Lady Granby, recently married, who set the fashion of wearing smallish pearls and semi-precious stones such as aquamarines, and, as she is vastly admired for the taste with which she dresses her slim person, her example was copied at once.

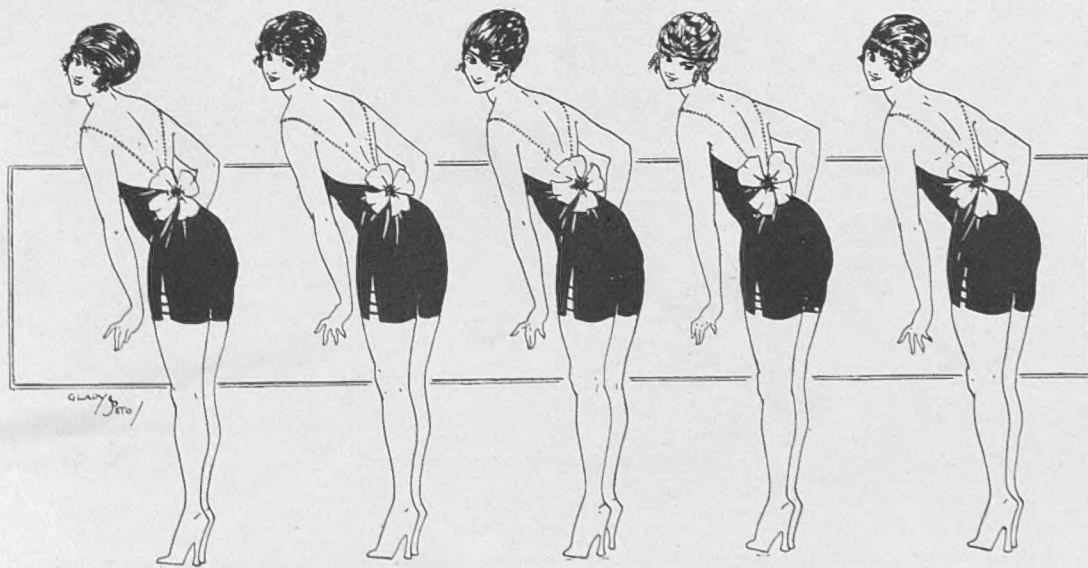
One of yous who was contemplating leave when he wrote was in his letter waxing eloquent over April fish—not the cardboard sort so popular in France as

"Valentines," but real fish, with scales and bones. He meant on arriving to have "a fish lunch at Frascati, not because of Lent, but because we don't get much fish, except tinned. Incidentally, why is fish regarded as a fasting diet? It is very expensive out here, a luxury almost taboo—eight francs the kilo where we are, although that's a competitive price." Gold-fish, surely, as the worthy Perlmutter would say. And that reminds me that, as I was passing a restaurant the other day, I gaped at the following notice in the window: "All our fish guaranteed English." I suppose every fish, down to the giddiest kipper, has to present his passport before being allowed to enter the net—what!

It's the same one of yous, a clever young Captain, who—piqued, it would seem, at my praise of the Poilus' adroitness in manipulating pieces of shell—asks whether I have come across a record beating this: "Given a pair of metal-cutting pliers and a biscuit-tin, I can make twenty-six different articles for use in dug-outs, varying from candlesticks to coal-scuttles." Bravo! But then, why not let a twenty-seventh article be a fishing-hook with which to catch carp yourself in the ponds of Somewhere in your spare moments, or—have you other fish to fry?



"She confided to me the other day that since the Zeppelin raids she always tried to look pretty in bed."



"May mean anything from the tightest tights and widest smiles."

Am I to believe this story, which happened, it seems, to one of yous at the front. He had heard that his young wife was unwell, and he asked a brother-officer returning home on leave to wire him how she was. Imagine—if yous who are not in his case can—how surprised, proud, and perturbed he must have felt on receiving a telegram thus worded: "Twins arrived safely—more to follow."

SMALL TALK

BEFORE the end of Lent the difference of opinion about the observance or otherwise of the forty days of strict fast, prayer, and alms-giving became very marked. Sir Thomas Beecham's production of "The Magic Flute" on the eve of Palm Sunday and of other operas in Holy Week put things to the test. People either stiffened themselves in the old rule of no theatres and stayed away, or knew nothing about the old rule and went. Breaking of rules did not come into it, of course; nobody breaks rules, even at Sir Thomas's behest. It is a case, rather, of forgetting the old and obeying the new, which decrees that everything with life in it, from opera to revue, from the Christie Sale to the Zorn Exhibition, must be encouraged during a dismal period. People with the great penance of the war in the background—a violent two-year Lent on a large scale—can afford to ignore the little formalities of the forty days. Even Rome, and Westminster, recognised this aspect of the situation, and relaxed the ordinary Church rules of fasting and abstinence.

Penance Disguised. The new rule has so far displaced the old that even the Royal Family, conservative in all things relating to the calendar, spent an unheard-of kind of Lent. The King, the Queen, and Queen Alexandra have, between them, let no day pass without attending matinées or exhibitions. Instead of "no pleasures," the order of the year has been a daily entertainment. Charities are so inexplicably mixed up with the stage, with recitals, and with every description of drawing-room enterprise that the patron of charities has had no choice but to attend a succession of "enjoyable afternoons" among tightly packed chairs and picturesque programme-sellers. Who shall say which was more truly a penitential season—the old Lent of seclusion or the new?

The Eye of the Needle.

On Monday in Holy Week the Queen visited the Zorn etchings in Bond Street—Anders Zorn being at once the most lively and relentless of the realists of the needle.

His portraits are vivid enough; but when he sends his models, stripped and joyous, into the sunlight, to paddle and splash in the shallows, his vision is as keen as the most powerful camera. One is inclined, at times, to shade one's eyes against the dazzle of his sunshine and the boldness of his bathers. He is the artist of the clear eye—of the naked eye and the naked body. He is, in

other words, a man who sees; and his exhibition is held in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers!

A Wedding.

A crowded church but no reception will be the order of the wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, on Saturday, when Captain Hambro marries Miss Charlton.

The Captain's name suggests a crowd: it recalls, for one thing, the Eric Hambro dances in Prince's Gate, for which a thousand invitations would be issued; it recalls Terrace teas and knots of friendly politicians in talk (generally about golf) round the popular M.P.; it recalls the substantial lists, headed by Kings, of guests at Milton Abbey shooting-parties. And now, even if we are reduced to "no reception" weddings, there is sure to be a large gathering of friends for this ceremony.

Very Gallant Gentlemen.

Captain the Hon. R. E. Philipps got his Cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. "Although severely wounded, he kept his men well in hand, himself killing four of the enemy with his revolver. He stuck to his post, and repelled four attacks." Captain Philipps, it is almost necessary to add, is Lord St. Davids' son, Philipps being a name that fails, somehow, to suggest the connection. It does, however, suggest (though accidentally) the Jewish strain so often found in officers of peculiar daring. Captain Philipps' mother belonged to the communion that has given the Flying Service such men as "Jacky" Barnato, Wolf Joel, Desmond Tuck, and Victor Sassoon.

The Young Men.

To the young Joel and Barnato group of fighters Lady Wernher contributes three sons, the youngest of whom lately received his transfer from the Bucks Yeomanry to the Welsh Guards. Like his brothers, he is a millionaire, his inheritance from his father being a cool thousand thousand. He is only nineteen, and already a good soldier, so that we have more evidence (the war has been full of it) that great possessions in early years do not necessarily

unfit a man for hard service and great sacrifices. We know that the most daring of our flying men are the youngest. It also happens that they are drawn from a much-moneyed environment, where "roughing it" is unknown save as an experiment or an amusement, straight into the grim and perishing business of long flights over hostile country.

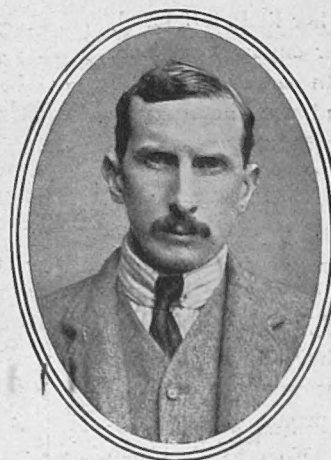


THE SON OF A GALLANT OFFICER: MASTER JOE WINGFIELD.

The handsome boy of whom we give a portrait is the only son of the late Captain Cecil John Talbot Rhys Wingfield, King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was killed in action last year in the Great War. His mother is Lady Violet Wingfield, a sister of Earl Poulett.—Captain Sir Algernon Thomas Peyton, 11th Hussars, who was recently married to Miss Joan Dugdale, daughter of Mr. J. S. Dugdale, K.C., has, by the death of his father, the late Sir Algernon Francis Peyton, just succeeded to the Baronetcy.—Earl Percy, upon whom the French President has bestowed the Croix de Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, is the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, and is a General Staff Officer. He married, in 1911, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and has two sons—Lord Warkworth, born 1912, and the Hon. Hugh Percy, born 1914.—[Photographs by Speaight, Langfier, and Russell.]



A NEW BARONET: CAPTAIN SIR ALGERNON THOMAS PEYTON, SEVENTH BARONET.



HONoured BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: EARL PERCY.



TO MARRY A GENERAL: MISS ELSPETH KINGAN.

Miss Kingan is the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Kingan, D.L., of Glengarnagh, Bangor, Co. Down. Her engagement to Brigadier-General H. R. Done, D.S.O., younger son of Mr. R. H. Done, D.L., of Tarporley, Cheshire, is announced.—The wedding of Miss Violet Stallard to Lieutenant Conyers, of the Royal Marine Artillery, is arranged to take place at Havant, Hants, to-day, April 26.—The Countess of Rosslyn is devoting herself to nursing the wounded at the Millicent Duchess of Sutherland Hospital, in France.—[Photographs by Press Portrait Bureau, Russell, and Swaine.]

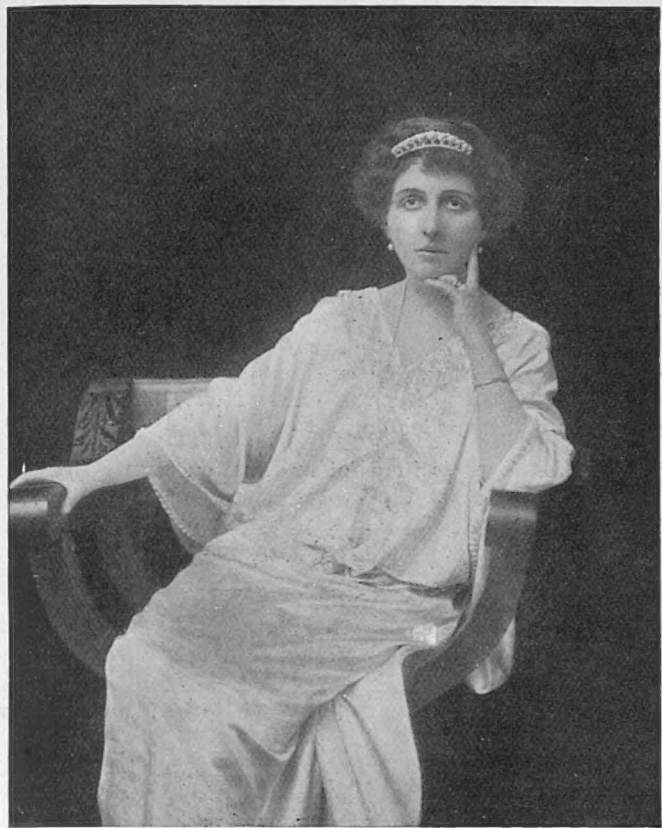


A WAR-BRIDE: MISS VIOLET STALLARD (MRS. CONYERS).



A NURSING COUNTESS: LADY ROSSLYN.

IN THE GREAT WORLD: FOUR WELL-KNOWN LADIES.



WIFE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER: THE HON. MRS. PRITTIE.



A MAID OF HONOUR TO LADY WIMBORNE: MISS A. PORTER PORTER.



A RAILWAY DIRECTOR: THE HON. ELAINE JENKINS.



A WAR-WORKER: THE HON. MRS. HAROLD NICOLSON.

The Hon. Mrs. Prittie is the daughter of Mr. James N. Graham, D.L., of Carfin and Stonebyres, Lanarkshire, cousin to Sir Henry Lowndes Graham, Clerk to the Parliaments. She married Captain the Hon. Cornelius Prittie, only son of Lord Dunally, in 1911. Captain Prittie was severely wounded in August last. Miss A. Porter Porter is a Maid of Honour to H.E. Lady Wimborne, and belongs to a fine old Irish family. The Hon. Alina Kate Elaine Jenkins is the daughter of the late Lord Glantawe, and has

shown great ability in the control of her father's affairs since his death last year. Miss Jenkins has been a director of the Swansea and Mumbles Railway for some years. The Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson is working at the Enquiry Department of the Red Cross Society, for the wounded and missing. She is the daughter of Lord Sackville. Mr. Harold Nicolson is in the Diplomatic Service, and is the son of the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Nicolson, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 4, by E. O. Hoppé; No. 2, by Val l'Estrange; No. 3, by Elliott and Fry.



MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
(“Chicot”)

“INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.”

Lord Mersey's Memory.

Lord Mersey has an inconvenient memory. He has just remembered something about the Kaiser that will, without doubt, annoy the Kaiser exceedingly. At the same time, if you like savage strokes of irony, if you like your humour with a liberal dash of sardonic bitters in it—and there has been no lack of that kind of humour, God wot, since the outbreak of this War and the subsequent outbreak of all sorts of people—Lord Mersey's inconvenient memory will cause you many a grim chuckle.

Lord Mersey, you will remember, presided over the official inquiry into the sinking of the *Titanic*, and this is what he remembers—

“It was not two weeks after the *Titanic* foundered that the Kaiser ordered a conference of German Government officials and men in shipping circles to be held for the consideration of measures to increase the safety of travel at sea.”

Bitter, an you please, but bitterly exquisite! The man who was to sink the *Lusitania* with all her cargo of women and little children; the man who has managed to “do in”—that is the correct Whitechapel phrase, I believe—353 women and 124 children up to date by drowning them at sea; this is the very same man who, “holding a pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes,” ordered a conference to be held “for the consideration of measures to increase the safety of travel at sea.”

How he must have laughed in his sleeve at the weighty deliberations of the conference he had caused to be summoned! Because, of course, the safer the ships the greater the number of women and children entrusting themselves to those ships, and the louder and more agonising the screams of women and children as the great Kaiser “did them in.”

The “Of Course” Brigade.

We have all been smiling over the little scandals of the “Of Course” Brigade as revealed by “Wayfarer” in the *Nation*. “That Miss Asquith is engaged to the son of Count Zeppelin” is a good specimen, and the “of course” gives the non-chalant air of inner knowledge that convinces. There is much value in that “of course.” It makes all the difference. If, for example, you say to your friend, “Miss Asquith is engaged to the son of Count Zeppelin,” that sounds like a piece of news, and all news is incredible until confirmed, even gossip. But if you say, “Miss Asquith, of course, is engaged to the son of Count Zeppelin”—you see, at once, the impression you convey? That the news is so old that most people have even left off discussing it. So it must be true.

“Wayfarer,” however, has not heard the latest scandals. Indeed, his revelations, amusing as they are, are mild in comparison with the latest efforts of the “of course” brigade. I commend the following to the attention and the caustic comment of “Wayfarer”—

1. That Lord Kitchener, of course, is locked up in the Tower, and will be shot, of course, as soon as possible after Easter.

2. That Mr. Asquith, of course, and “the Man who dined with the Kaiser” are one and the same person.

3. That Mr. Lloyd George gives a ball every night at the Hotel Metropole, to which, of course, all the ladies engaged in munition work are invited.



A BEAUTIFUL ALLY IN “KISS ME, SERGEANT”—AND ANKLE-PANTALETES, AND STENCILLED GOWN: Mlle. LYJBA LISKOFF.

Our new portrait of Mlle. Liskoff, who is making a very successful tour in the farce, “Kiss Me, Sergeant,” shows the charming Russian actress in a very striking costume with stencilled designs on the fabric; and wearing the latest fashion in pantalettes.—[Photo. Walshams, Ltd.]

4. That Mr. Balfour spends the whole of his time at the Admiralty, of course, in writing a revue which is to be produced, anonymously, of course, at Drury Lane.

5. That Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. McKenna have invested all their money in German bonds, of course, and will, when the War has continued long enough to serve their purpose, buy England from the Kaiser and run it as a vast pleasure-ground for hyphenated tourists.

6. That Lord Derby, of course, intends to revive the custom of polygamy in England after the War. Hence his unkind treatment of the Attested Married Men.

In handing on these items of information, friend the reader, you are advised to contract the eyebrows, smile bewilderedly, and say in a puzzled manner, “My dear fellow, didn't you know?”

The Millennium at Last!

If it is true, the most important thing has recently happened that has befallen this country for many centuries. I am told, and told with an air of authority, that the new non-alcoholic beer invented by the Liquor Control Board is even better than real beer! It will cost twopence a pint, you can drink it during prohibited hours, you can drink as much of it as you can afford or swallow, and the after-effects will be virtuously pleasurable!

This terrific event is passed over by the Press as though it were scarcely worth a third of a column. But try to realise what it means! The doors of the public-houses will fly open; the restaurants will boom once again; the theatre bars will hum with activity; the working-man will never be drunk again as long as he lives; the wife of the working-man will never have another black eye as long as she lives; the prisons will be empty; the lunatic-asylums will be empty; the Germans will sink into insignificance; we shall all take to fishing; old age will have no terrors!

But is it true? I have not yet seen this wonderful beer. My grocer and my wine-merchant (if the latter is still in the land of the living) are silent on the subject of the new beer. I hate to say it, but it is just possible that there is a catch somewhere.

“No Mean Judge.”

All the same, I love the picture of the ex-soldier commissioner who drank the new beer believing it to be ordinary beer. What happened? Did he splutter and cough? Did he execrate the giver? Did he burst into a volley of profane language?

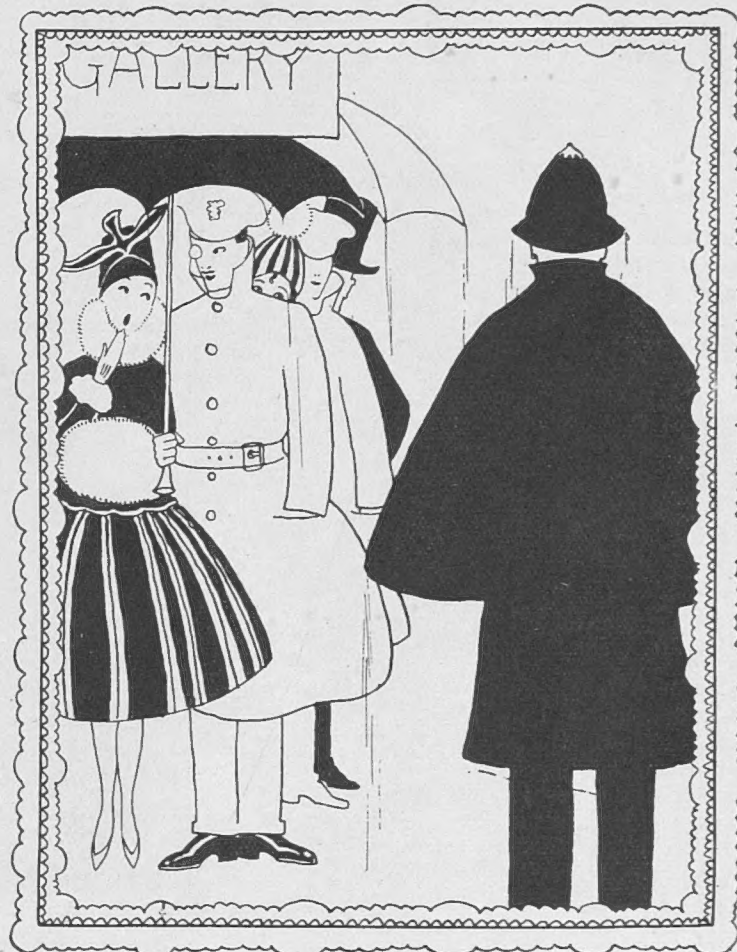
Not a bit of it. “He looked up and said cheerfully, ‘That's a good light ale. It reminds me of home-brewed ale—the ale they used to drink years ago in Suffolk, in the village where I lived. It has the same smell and the same taste. It's the sort of ale my grandfather used to drink at breakfast—a pint of it.’”

What a charming idyll to usher in the Spring of 1916! That soldier was truly a saviour of his country. I tremble to think of the consequences to England if he had violently ejected the first mouthful of the new beer, subsequently exclaiming, in his terse, soldierly way, “Muck!” That would have put the lid on it for ever as a national beverage.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: APRIL SHOWERS.



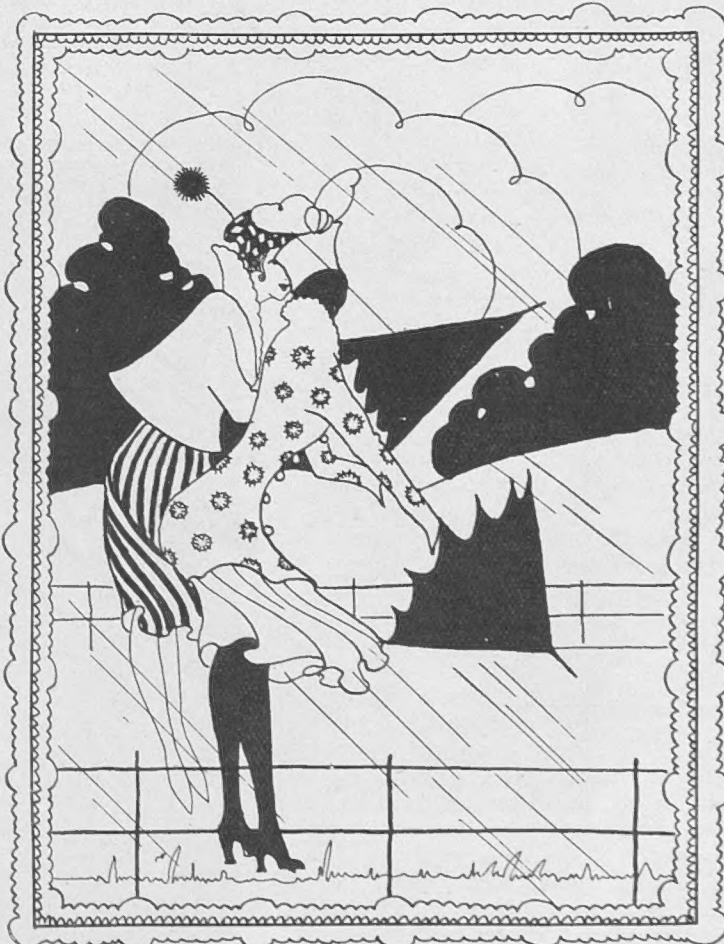
April showers seem in no way to dampen the spirits of these cheerful beasts of burden.



Economy is all very well in theory, but in practice it is sometimes so uncomfortable.



The hopeless quest of that demnd elusive taxi is a wee bit damping.



Spring, oh Spring, why this cruel ruination of gowns we have purchased in your honour?



THE CLUBMAN

A RESTING-PLACE IN WAR-TIME: IN THE NEW FOREST: A SUBALTERN'S TEA.

Bournemouth.

I antedated my Easter holiday and went down to Bournemouth for the previous week-end. I went there to get away as much as possible from the war for three days, for Bournemouth, I think, shows less than any other seaside place within easy reach of London the wear-and-tear of war-times. There is something restful in its pines and its peaceful bay, its streams and its flowers and its sunshine. Not that Bournemouth does not feel every throb of the anxieties and the successes, not that the newspapers are not snatched up from the bookstalls directly they arrive from London, but the exterior of the place is gently calm, it is like a beautiful woman with a warm heart.

A Profusion of Flowers.

I was pleased to find that Bournemouth, though it has made certain war-time retrenchments, has not economised on its flowers. All the beds in the gardens that run down the valley to the sea are bright with spring flowers, hyacinths, primulas, and the rest; and there are great borders of daffodils. The flowers are not the only colour in Bournemouth just now, for the town is plentifully beflagged, and on the Bath Hotel, where I stayed, the ensigns of all the Allies were fluttering from the flag-staves. And Bournemouth still amuses itself sanely; the concerts in the Winter Gardens seemed to me to draw as large an audience as ever, and Oscar Asche was at the theatre playing that melodrama of the Spanish Main which he introduced not long ago to London.

The New Pavilion.

The two burning questions of Bournemouth of late years have been the construction of the Undercliff Drive and the building of the new Pavilion. The Undercliff Drive is an accomplished fact, and from the East Cliff one looks down upon its broad path skirting the foot of the cliffs right away to Boscombe. But the new Pavilion, over which a great battle raged, is still only represented by a model in the Winter Gardens, for the town is very contentedly putting that controversy on one side until the piping times of peace come again. The little Belle Vue Inn, which was to have been swallowed up in the bigger undertaking, sees its lease of life prolonged, and is being beautified and enlarged—a sure sign that its lessee does not contemplate, for some time at least, a visit from the house-breakers.

The Bournemouth V.T.C.

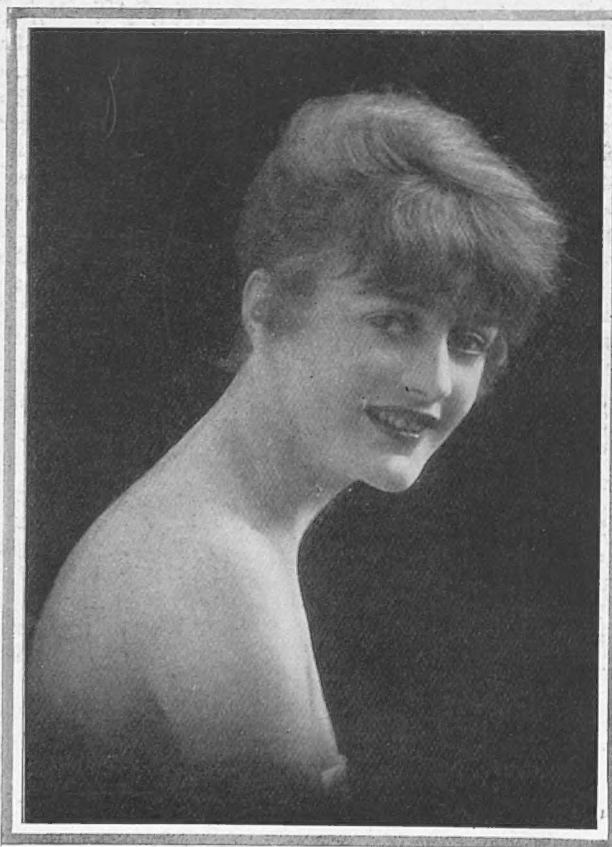
There is plenty of khaki in Bournemouth, as, indeed, there is nowadays in every large town in the provinces; and although there is no longer novelty about "the only wear," it is always welcome. The V.T.C. men have been taking their soldiering very seriously, and have made wonderful strides in their training in the months that have elapsed since the commencement of the war. They have been given some real work to do, and have found guards and done patrol work with the greatest keenness. One of their officers told

me of the staff rides the officers take, and of the military survey-work they do, and the lectures that they arrange for their own instruction and for that of the men. Certainly such keen soldiers as the Bournemouth V.T.C. contains deserve recognition, for I believe no fewer than 300 of them have exchanged their grey for khaki during the course of the war, a very large proportion of them now holding commissions.



ENGAGED TO MISS MAB HINGSTON: LIEUTENANT CYRIL GORDON MARTIN V.C., D.S.O.

Miss Hingston is the only daughter of the late Major Edward Hingston, Royal Engineers, and of Mrs. Hingston, of Mansion Row, Chatham. Mr. Martin, who is in the Royal Engineers, is the youngest son of the Rev. John Martin, C.M.S., of Foochow. He won his D.S.O. for capturing and holding a German trench during the Mons retreat, and his V.C. for holding back German reinforcements, at Spanbroek Molen, with seven men, for nearly two and a-half hours. He was wounded twice on each occasion.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



IN "PICK-A-DILLY," THE NEW REVUE AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MISS DOROTHY HANSON, A YOUNG ACTRESS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Photograph by Walshams.

In the New Forest.

Saturday was a day of sunshine, and the bay, with the entrance to Poole Harbour half-way in its semicircle, and the white houses of Swanage at the further tip of the half-moon, was Italian-blue under the bluest of skies. But on Sunday the rain-clouds had come up from the sea, and angry gusts of rain swept across the pine-woods and the harbour. A kindly gentleman had promised to take me for a motor-drive that afternoon into the New Forest, and we braved the rain and ran out, over roads free from all wheeled traffic, through the Forest to Lyndhurst. In the Park of the Merricks the daffodils were like great carpets of sulphur, and further on in the Forest the trees stood all grey under a grey sky, though their branches are already purpled with buds, and last year's bracken and last year's leaves form a carpet of crimson at their feet. The rain had stilled all the wild life of the Forest. No birds were singing, and the ponies were sheltering under the lee of the trees to escape the driving rain; but the Forest, always beautiful, has a desolate beauty even under rain-clouds, and we were the only moving things in its great spaces.

At Lyndhurst.

At Lyndhurst the hotel opposite to the church had given up all hope of any travellers on such a day, and instead of the dozen parties of tea-drinkers who crowd both the front room and the back, there was only one party of five subalterns drinking tea and eating muffins. Could anything mark the difference between the hard-drinking days of the Army of the early Georges and the temperate Army of to-day more completely than this tea-party of young khaki-clad warriors?

Rufus' Stone.

We came back by Stony Cross, hoping that a miracle might happen, and that the clouds would draw up so as to give us the wonderful view of Southampton Water that is to be seen from here on a fine day. We had also planned to walk down to what is known as Rufus' Stone—an iron triangle that marks the place where the King was killed by Tyrrell's arrow; but the whole of the valley was full of twisting mist, and we thought it better to keep to the road and plunge down through the grey cloud, taking the most direct road back to Bournemouth. As generally happens at Bournemouth when the weather has misbehaved on Sunday, the Monday morning was brilliantly fine, the sunshine making me feel almost a criminal to be returning to London.

WEDDINGS: TWO BRIDES — AND SOME BRIDES-TO-BE.

TO MARRY LT. G. B. ATKINSON: MISS MARY PENELOPE NOEL.

MARRIED TO MR. JOHN LESLIE: MISS MARGOT GILLIAT.

MARRIED YESTERDAY TO CAPT. C. J. TINDELL-GREEN: MISS N. A. BISHOP.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. EVELYN WOOD: MISS M. G. CUNNICK.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN ERIC B. RAWCROFT: MISS M. TRAILL.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN ANGUS HAMBRO: MISS VANDA CHARLTON.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN ALLAN HARRISON: MISS MARJORIE RUSSELL.

Miss Noel is daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Noel, Redcliffe Square. Lieutenant Atkinson, Northumberland Fusiliers, is son of the late Rev. Thomas Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson, of Whiston Rectory, Rotherham. Miss Margot Gilliat (Mrs. John Leslie) is daughter of the late Howard and Mrs. Gilliat, Stragglethorpe Old Hall, Newark-on-Trent. Mr. Leslie is in the 12th Lancers. Miss Norah Bishop (Mrs. Tisdell-Green) is daughter of Mr. Walter Bishop, The Park, Beckenham. Captain Tindell-Green, A.S.C., is son of Mr. and Mrs. Tindell-Green, of Sunderland, and holds the Irish Tennis Championship. Miss May G. Cunnick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Howard

Cunnick, North Gate, Regent's Park. Captain Wood, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, is son of the late Mr. G. W. Wood, of Birkenhead, and Mrs. Wood, Marloes Road, W. Miss Mollie Traill is daughter of Dr. C. G. Traill, of Sunningdale. Captain Rawcroft, A.S.C., is son of Colonel G. F. Rawcroft, D.S.O., late 15th Ludhiana Sikhs, and Mrs. Rawcroft, Pembridge Villas. Miss Charlton is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Charlton, Cholmondeley, Malpas. Captain Hambro, M.P., is son of Sir Everard Hambro, K.C.V.O. Miss Russell is daughter of Mr. J. Stebbings Russell, Hampstead. Captain Allan Harrison is in the 24th (Queen's) London Regiment.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Duchess of Westminster has been asked to perform at the Drury Lane matinée on May 9, and, though it is not known exactly what her "stunt" will be, it is understood that she has agreed to appear. Lady Greville, who is joint matinée-manager with Lady Oranmore and Browne, has other stars in her prospective company, and the affair will go dashingly if all her Society actresses are up to the mark of the Duchess, who is none of your ordinary half-frightened, half-cheeky, charity-performance, dumb-show ladies.

Given half a chance in the way of a part, and a little more practice — with, of course, a grain of the necessary ambition so to distinguish herself — and she could be the Ethel Levy of the amateur stage.



A WORKER FOR THE WOUNDED, FROM FAR JAPAN: THE MARCHIONESS INOUE.

The clever and gracious Japanese lady of whom we give a new portrait is the wife of the Japanese Ambassador, and is at present devoting much of her time to working in the Surgical Bandages Department of the British Red Cross Society's Central Workrooms in London.

Photograph by Russell.

Drury Lane full is something worth working for; Lady Greville is bent on having Drury Lane full to overflowing. A cousin of Lady Donoughmore and Mrs. Phipps, she exercises all through that double-edged claim on the Great World that never belongs to a woman who is solely and wholly English in her relatives and methods, or wholly and solely American. She married Lord Greville seven years ago, only a short time before he succeeded to the barony. Indeed, the late Lord Greville attended the ceremony on the eve of the operation which was his only chance of life, and not a very hopeful one at that. He did not, in the event, survive it.

Spring Fashions.

Viscountess Barrington says in so many words that it is now unfashionable to be well dressed. In her circle a new hat needs apology and explanation. She admits that this phase of feeling has only recently come into being; and certainly, not many weeks ago, people were up and saying that a Government poster to the same effect was in itself bad form. Lady Barrington, I believe, is the first person to give her name to a definite statement about the new stylishness of dowdy clothes.

We have had the famous poster, and innumerable cartoons and leaders, and *Punch* drawings in plenty; but hitherto we have lacked first-hand assurance that this economy is actually taking place not

only in regard to everyday wear, but in regard to the smart occasions that call for little bursts of extravagance. Lady Barrington vouches for the change; but surely the weight of evidence, at those same smart functions, is still against her. Some people are economising, and we don't see them; others are not, and we do see them.

The Duchess and Hugh Benson.

To Adeline Duchess of Bedford, deep in war work, the "Life" of Monsignor Benson, just published, will bring memories of that immeasurably distant time, the days of peace of three or four years ago. When Benson was her guest at Chenies he wrote: "Oh, this place! Great sloping lawns under vast trees; brick, oak-edged step everywhere; pergolas, sundial; water-lily pool; a broad trout-stream running beneath bridges; a thunderous fall; masses of flowers; and a charming house, lined with white painted wood; a heavenly mausoleum and chapel with people on tombs in scarlet and crowns and pointed beards. It is almost too perfect." He too, according to the Duchess, was perfect—as a guest, appreciative and

lovable. His only complaint, buried in his diary, was of one or two of the other visitors, whose psychic conversation was not to his liking.—Benson's own adventures in the world of spirits were not always satisfactory. With the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Halifax as his companions during one of them, he spent three nights at Brockley Court, a haunted house of peculiar interest near Bristol. They sat in the bedroom that seemed most promising; a great hole gaped in the floor of the alcove where a bed had once been; it was without any furniture, and for light they had counted on an electric-torch which refused to

work, but which, by good fortune, they were able to replace by a lamp from their motor. They played cards until the reputed hour arrived. But nothing else arrived with it. And so home!



THE WIFE AND SON OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL LORD LOVAT: LADY LOVAT AND THE MASTER OF LOVAT.

It was announced in the "London Gazette" of April 15, among the War Office appointments: "Colonel Simon J., Lord Lovat, K.T., K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. to the King, retired T.F., to be temp. Brigadier-General, April 4, 1916." Lady Lovat was the Hon. Laura Lister, daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, and her son, the Master of Lovat, was born in 1911. There is also a little daughter, born in 1913.

Photograph by Swaine.



"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR": H.H. AGA SULTAN SIR MAHOMED SHAH, AGA KHAN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

King George has been graciously pleased to sanction the grant of a salute of eleven guns, and the rank and status of a First Class Chief of the Bombay Presidency for life, to His Highness the Aga Khan, the loyal spiritual head of the Islamiah Moslems, millions of whom owe him spiritual allegiance.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A MARCHIONESS AND COUNTESS: LADY SLIGO.

By the recent death of the Marquess of Clanricarde, the Marquessate became extinct, but the Earldom devolved under a special remainder upon his cousin, the Marquess of Sligo. The Marchioness of Sligo, who was Miss Agatha Stewart Hodgson, of Lythe Hill, Haslemere, is now the holder of the two titles: Marchioness of Sligo and Countess of Clanricarde.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



NURSING THE WOUNDED: THE HON. ALEXANDRA RHODA ASTLEY.

The Hon. Alexandra Astley is the sister of Lord Hastings, and is nursing at her brother's place, Swanton House, Melton Constable, which has been converted into a V.A.D. Hospital, of which Lady Hastings is Commandant. Miss Astley is a god-child of H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Photograph by Russell.



A HELPER IN WAR-WORK: MISS EILEEN MEAKIN.

Miss Meakin is the daughter of the Countess Sondes, who, at the time of her marriage to Earl Sondes, was the widow of the late Mr. James Meakin, of Westwood Manor, Staffordshire. Miss Meakin is busy collecting comforts for the troops, and is helping her mother in various war charities.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

MISS THING'S DREAM: A VERY "KISSABLE" CINDERELLA.



ONCE MORE A BARRIE HEROINE: MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS MISS THING AS CINDERELLA
IN "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA."

Miss Hilda Trevelyan is the heroine *par excellence* of Sir J. M. Barrie's plays. She has been Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," Moira in "Little Mary," Wendy in "Peter Pan," Richardson and Amy Grey in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," Tweeny in "The Admirable Crichton," Maggie Shand in "What Every Woman Knows," Kate in "The Twelve-Pound Look," and Frederika in "A Slice of Life." Now she is appearing in

the latest Barrie fantasy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," at Wyndham's Theatre, in which she plays with all her accustomed charm. As described in our previous illustrations of the piece, her part is that of a little London "slavey," who lives in a dream-world of imagination wherein she figures as Cinderella gorgeously dressed by a fairy godmother and captivating the Prince at the ball. Her dream forms one of the scenes in the play.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

War = Time Studdys!

IV—THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE'S NIGHTMARE; OR, THE EMERGENCY CALL.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

MIRRORED IN TRIPLICATE: YETTA, YETTA, AND YET AGAIN!



NOT WHAT WE SEE IN OUR TRIPLE SHAVING-GLASS, UNFORTUNATELY: Mlle. YETTA RIANZA, OF "JOY-LAND," THE FAMOUS DANCER FROM PARIS.

Mlle. Yetta Rianza joined the cast of "Joy-Land," at the Hippodrome, last January, and, needless to say, it has since been more joyous than ever. It was her first appearance in London, but doubtless it will not be the last. She came over here

from Paris, where she was *première danseuse* at the Opéra Comique. In the above photograph she is shown standing before a three-sided mirror. It is an unconventional picture of an unconventional but very delightful dancer.

The living notes of the singer heard by your own fireside.

WHEN you play a record on the Æolian-Vocalion it is the actual living voice of the singer that you hear. Freely and clearly it flows from the instrument as if direct from the throat of the vocalist. No nasal intonation or metallic mufflings veil the purity of the original production.

This is equally true of instrumental music—to hear a violin solo on the Æolian-

Vocalion is to forget the medium of its transmission.

Here—in your own room—the bow of the artist draws the throbbing voice from the quivering heart of the instrument; nothing stands between you and the unrestricted art of the musician until the last note dies away; yet throughout the whole performance the expression is under your control.

The Æolian-Vocalion gives you personal control over tone.

By means of the "Graduola," which is an exclusive feature of the Æolian-Vocalion, you can emphasise every delicate quality of tone without interfering with the artist's phrasing or tempo. By the pressure of a finger you can vary every performance, note by note and phrase by phrase, in harmony with your mood. What this means to the quality of the music, no longer bound by the rigid limitations of the record, can only be realised by hearing and playing the instrument.

YOU ARE INVITED

*to visit Aeolian Hall—
London's Chief Centre
for the purchase of Talking
Machines and Records.
If unable to call, write
for full details of this
marvellous new instrument*

THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,

AEOLIAN HALL,
131-137, New Bond St.,
London, W

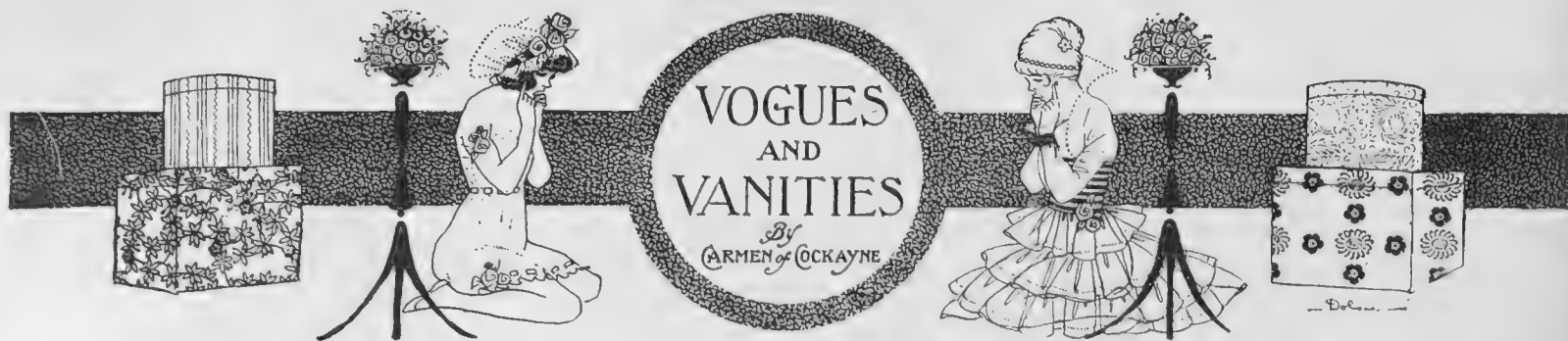


NO JOKE !



THE HUMOURIST (who has exhausted his War jokes) : It's really very tantalising. I've got some lovely stunts on Peace—
if they'd only declare it!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



It's human nature, p'raps; if so,
Oh, isn't human nature low!

A Plea for the "Joie de Vivre."

There has always been a tendency in this country to quarrel with human nature because it is human. The Puritan has changed his dialect, but still betrays the old snuffle when he comes to deal with the question of other people's pleasures. Macaulay has noted that the objection to bear-baiting was not humanitarian. It was opposed not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. And it is pretty certain that much of the present outcry against extravagance and frivolity is prompted not by a desire to provide War Loan and keep up the American exchange, but by sheer dislike of seeing people happy. And people will insist on being happy. It is their nature to, like it is the nature of Dr. Watts's dogs to bark and bite. Man was born to trouble, as the sparks fly up, no doubt. At any rate, he has got a first-rate talent for getting into trouble, especially if he happens to wear khaki. But he was also born—at least, the decent sort of human being was—with an irrepressible tendency to look on the best side, to gather the rosebuds when they are about, and make chrysanthemums do when they are not. In other words, if he must have what he calls, in his sinful, vulgar way, a rotten time at the front or in training, he is bent on getting out of a visit to town the utmost ounce of value. One speaks of the soldier, for that is really the only sort of man that counts to-day. We have to revise Sydney Smith's cruel witticism, and divide humanity into three sexes—men, women, and non-combatants.

Doleful "Dumps." It is the non-combatants and the old women—most of them in badly creased trousers and shocking frock-coats—who complain so bitterly of the frivolity of the returning brave. What a pity it is that Reggie from Flanders does not

shun delights and spend laborious evenings with his Aunt Maria! How dreadful that this young fellow, instead, goes to the theatre—and not even to a serious play—or to a music-hall, and then ends the day with a gay supper at Ciro's! Can England hope for victory while these iniquities flourish? It is natural that the Reverend Ezekiel

Dumps should go on in that strain, calling on the Government to "strafe" the theatres, suppers, drinks, clothes that transcend the bare limits of warmth and decency—and, in short, everything that tends to keep people's spirits up. For the Reverend Mr. Dumps was never of a festive disposition, and now night air is bad for his rheumatism, and a lobster-salad would be his death-warrant. One can understand him not sympathising with a young man's hunger for pleasure: some people have never been young. But why should the Reverend Mr. Dumps have such a disproportionate say in matters in this country? Why should he be allowed to slander better men than himself, and be humoured when he demands that all pleasure should cease because we are at war?

Imagination and Reality.

Of course, pleasure will not cease. Read Holy Writ, and

you will find that men and women went on amusing themselves up to the eve of the Flood.

Read history, and you will find that under the Terror itself faroes and vaudevilles drew large and merry audiences. And if this war lasts twenty years, you will still find people want some kind of relaxation, and will have it. That is human nature, and there is still a good deal in man—and woman too. But this is certain also—that the more the tendency to seek amusement is repressed, the less desirable form amusement will take. The night club—or supper club, as the better-class institution is, perhaps more appropriately, called—is made responsible for all sorts of things; and no doubt there are many places in a great city like London where it is not nice to go. The point is that all night clubs are not dens of iniquity. The imagination which pictures a flaunting abode of rascality is apt to be bitterly disappointed if by any chance its owner penetrates to the interior of one of the well-managed establishments which have sprung up of late years in the West End of London. The reality is so very different from the fancy picture. One had prepared to be, oh, so shocked, and is quite annoyed to find everything as decorous as the Opera, though vastly more amusing.



Where beauty moves and wit delights.



A luxurious motor and a smart frock are both necessary preliminaries to an evening's enjoyment.

The Proof of the Pudding.

These reflections ran through the mind of the writer the other night when she sat at supper at Ciro's with a relative in khaki just returned from "Somewhere in France." Her escort was one of many scores spending a few days of leave. She cannot answer for the rest, but her particular male did not in any way transgress either the King's Regulations or the ordinary canons of Society. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, punished the excellent bill-of-fare with the same energy that has won him a D.S.O., and sampled wines and fine champagne with a zest that would have made the heart of an Economy Leaguer ache, but to me was wholly delightful, and not a little touching—knowing as I did something of what he had gone through at Dead Sow Farm. There was a nigger orchestra that was very exhilarating, and dancing that was very up-to-date, and altogether the place was a delightful contrast to the dark streets, and not a bad change to what, I hope, is a highly correct home. But though there is no eye like a woman's to detect impropriety—even if she rather enjoys the sensation of being in rather wicked surroundings—the writer left with a conscience as serene as if she had been at a penny reading in a village schoolroom. She would like to have a much more sensational account of the orgy, but truth comes before everything.

GOTT STRAFE !



HANS (*watching the enemy through the trench periscope, and hailing them*): Vot vos you?

THE ENEMY: Munsters.

FRITZ: Monsters! Gott in Himmel! Vot vos ve up against now?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Phillip in Particular. VIII.—The Bright Eyes of the Little Lady.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE General bid them to it—so, of course, they had to go. But he was a rosy old General. Not a Fighting-Line General, for his strategy was rather curried, but a Dépôt General with a divine touch in training. Moreover and above all, his tactics *à la carte* were of the Master Mind. When he bid them to it, they said—

"Rather. Savoy foyer, 12.55 sharp, signal time. We'll be there, just like Australia."

He'd been Phillip and Egbert's dépôt Old Man—I should have told you right away that Egbert of the "This-exhibit-must-not-be-handled" clothes was with Phillip in the lunch—hence the humanness of the Higher Up One. And though Phillip had been nearer the Old Man's heart in dépôt (had been invited to rooms to strafe the Enemy—any old Enemy—under the cover of studying field tactics and Vermouth and seltzer), Egbert was also placed in the affection stakes. The Old Man had met the twain at Victoria Station, and—but what a devil of an explanation: you know what I'm plotting out.

Egbert had the "rather-anxious" habit of mind. He got there too early—he did this in his kit, too: that was why his tunic, though magnificent, looked as though it were wearing him rather than the other thing. He got there too early in the matter of this lunch. He hoicked Phillip out of his hotel, and they found themselves snuffing the vernal airs of Strand 'bus-exhausts minutes before time. Time had to be filled out.

"Let's go into this feller's shop and turn up our noses at his ties. I like doing that. They think I'm in the Inns of Arts Rifles when I do it, and treat me with becoming awe."

"We might be late," said Egbert, who hadn't really the gift of being anything but punctual; and Phillip had to keep the lad on the leash as he thrust himself along the little street towards the Savoy. Egbert had the air of knowing that if he didn't get hold of it, the hotel would dodge him. In the foyer they would feel the commissionaires working out their banking accounts to the uttermost limit of Cox. And then Egbert said in a cushy voice—"Well, she is rather rare—"

"They all are," said Phillip without passion. "Great Britain is now exclusively inhabited by little ladies whom one adores."

"I mean that one with the dashing and Duggie Haig swing about her. The one with the silver-and-green uppers to her dress. Ain't she neat? What a cheeky line."

Phillip thoroughly agreed. His eyes blinked as he regarded her. He smiled with joy. She was slim and dainty and daring, had an air of jolly and witty impertinence, a spring and a verve in her, a deviltry in her as well as a crisp, vivacious beauty. Phillip knew he had admired just that face for months.

Egbert was glad that he had been too anxious. A girl like that, he was thinking, was worth looking at. He felt he would like to know her. She would be just the sort of girl to understand, without a feller saying too much, just what a feller had to suffer "over there." She would be angelic across any tea-table. And then, as he looked—

"I say," he bleated.

The crisp, the alluring, the daring girl had smiled at him—at them. Smiled and nodded in the manner of the oldest kind of

friend. Of course, it was really jolly of her; but just at a time like this—Egbert's face donned the slight vermilion of the worried life. Phillip looked swiftly at a clock—12.50. So many minutes, and yet not enough. He looked at the girl . . . well, Egbert had brought it on himself. Phillip could stand aside.

"Oh, really, I say," Egbert was gurgling.

The captivating girl, the naughty and dashing girl, had made the next move to smiling. She was walking—walking towards them.

"Phillip—I say, Phillip, this is a bit too, you know. She's coming here."

"She remembers you," said Phillip easily. "If you will be so attractive, how can you expect them to forget?"

"But, really, I don't know her—I don't really know her. I swear!"

"You forget her," insisted Phillip implacably. "Her name's Vera. Punch up your recollection. Remember that time at Scarborough—1913, wasn't it? She was introduced by a third-cousin of your step-aunt. Remember how you helped her by the hand over the Castle ruins, and how, somehow, you managed to find all the difficult bits—so clever of you."

"Don't be a blithering ram," breathed Egbert desperately. "I wasn't in Scarborough in 1913—I've never been to Scarborough."

"Don't worry over that," Phillip soothed him. "It don't really matter."

The girl came towards them, beautifully, swingingly.

Egbert sighed for the uncomplicated moments of the first-line trenches in a rush. And he became more urgent.

"But—but the Old Man! And lunch!"

"He is a bit rigid about things, ain't he?" said Phillip.

"Rigid—oh, heavens! She'll be on us in a minute, man. Think! Think with the engine free!"

"Can't think," said Phillip. "She dazzles me. Unless—we'll tell him she is Emma, the youngest of Uncle (your uncle), who is Curate-in-Charge of Sleepy-in-the-Meadows. You met her by the sheerest accident."

"Does she—does she look like a curate's youngest? I ask you that as a sensible man."

"I don't know. The youngest of curates are rather unexpected these days."

Ass! Think—but you needn't—too late!"

("Dear old Lloyd George, how he spreads ideas!" Phillip murmured.) The little darling lady was upon them.

"Be brave," whispered Phillip. "Keep up your end. She looks a sport."

"Here we all are," said the bright little lady. And Egbert admitted with a mouth full of stumbles that here we all were. The girl looked at Phillip, her bright eyes all sparkles.

"My friend Horace was wondering if you would see him," he explained placidly. "He thought you wouldn't forget the jolly time you and he had on the Leas at Ilfracombe."

The little lady gurgled. The deviltry in her vivid face broke and uncurled in a thousand dancing and flashing lights of smiles. She lifted her little, pointed chin at Phillip, laughed at him, met him bravely in the cheery impertinences of his excesses.

"Oh, the Leas—at Ilfracombe! No, of course, I couldn't forget that. How could I?"

[Continued overleaf.]



DESCENDED FROM SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, THE SCOTTISH PATRIOT: MRS. HENRY SETON.

Mrs. Seton, of whom we give a new and beautiful portrait, is the wife of Major Henry Seton, formerly of the Royal Irish Rifles, uncle of the present Baronet, Sir Bruce Gordon Seton, of Abercorn. Mrs. Seton was, before her marriage, Miss Marie Wallace, daughter of the late Mr. Percy Hale Wallace, formerly of Edenbank, Belfast.

Photograph by Speaight.

FRIGHTFUL!



"Wot yer got there, Mate?"

"Serum, hypodermic syringes, pills, quinine, No. 9s, an' plum-an'-apple jam."

"Lor'! all the 'orrors o' war!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

Egbert rivalled the fine red rose.

"Aw'fully nice of you," he managed to blurt. "Really jolly of you. I assure you I—"

"Horace has never forgotten. That's what he is trying to assure you. The memory has dumbled him. Seeing you so unexpectedly—"

"Oh—" laughed the girl. Her swift glance rested a minute on Phillip. "Oh—yes; it was a little unexpected, I suppose."

Phillip went on easily.

"He often talked with me over the times you had. He remembered how big the moon was . . ."

Egbert, groaning at that ass Phillip, strove to assert himself.

"Think you're a bit mixed—er—Ponsonby." ("Oh, lord," sniggered Phillip; "one up to him.") "If my memory is sound, the—er—weather was particularly vile. Bad luck, but vile."

The bright little lady giggled. She looked at Phillip, she looked at Egbert. She looked down at her jolly little muff.

"I don't think the weather made any difference, Mr. Horace," she said softly. "I don't remember noticing—the difference."

("Damn!" prayed Egbert.)

Phillip was in raptures. He loved her. Here was a little lady, pretty, dainty, and after his own heart.

"Don't misunderstand Horace," urged Phillip. "A good heart, but a retiring nature. Out there, in the Mud, he was not so reserved. He spoke tenderly of—things. With yearning, Miss—Dora."

Egbert gulped. Really Phillip went off on the top gear at times. "Dora."

"Emma," he said aloud, but feebly.

The little lady giggled—at him or Phillip, he didn't quite know.

"Has he—has he mixed up my name? Even that?" she smiled elfinly.

"Not a bit. His memory was solid and sound. He had all the details. Remembers you telling him of the simple and homely life you lived with your father, the Dean of Lyme Regis."

The little lady laughed outright (Egbert swore profoundly, but the matter by now had submerged Egbert)—a clear, sparkling, pirouetting little laugh.

"Mr. Horace—Mr. Horace, how could you!" she said, and at once she became preternaturally grave. "He was only a curate, you know."

"My dear and sacred aunt!" perspired Egbert.

"Just a curate, only that. And you said—you said that that made no difference. And that—and that"—the dainty, pointed toe of a green suède boot marked coy and invisible patterns on the floor—"that you wanted to come and see him—particularly." She looked full at Egbert, ruefully, accusingly, in spite of the smallest smile at the corners of her lips. "Particularly," she insisted. "Don't you remember?"

Egbert's soul turned a somersault. This was ghastly. He was wondering, frantically, just how much a clever but evil lawyer could make against him out of "particularly."

And Phillip—Phillip the idiot—nodded accusingly too.

"I didn't know Egbert was so frightful," he said sadly.

"Well," blurted Egbert, "what with another thing and the one . . ."

The girl rendered herself of a small, helpless, meaning gesture.

"You are no different from other men, I suppose," she said. Her slim fingers came out of her muff and snapped lightly. *Hélas!* It was finished. She smiled bewitchingly at Egbert. "And, after all, we have met in the foyer of the Savoy. How nice of us, isn't it?"

"Oh—oh dev—that is, delightful," stuttered Egbert.

"Just at lunch-time." The bright eyes of the little lady were snapping with a real demoniac brightness.

"Oh—ya— Yes, really, just about lunch-time." Egbert was saying to himself, "If that General comes. If that rigid old General comes and catches us—me—with this dashing sort of girl! Why—why, I'll be cashiered. Cashiered brutally."

And Phillip.

"Oh, I say"—was ever a question put in a more idiotic way?

"oh, I say, were you expect-

ing anybody for lunch?"

Egbert tried to get in quick on top of this sheer lunacy.

"We're awfully sorry we're eng—"

The little lady smiled beautifully.

"I was expecting someone"—in a burst of confidence—"but I don't think it matters, Mr. Ponsonby."

"We're awfully sorry we're enga—" said Egbert.

"I think he'll understand—I know he will. I've waited quite a long time. And I do want my lunch."

"Brutally cashiered. That's it. I'm—we're done!" groaned Egbert to his soul. He tried to catch Phillip's eye. He tried to Morse him. All was not lost yet. If they did brainy acts. If Phillip—or someone—took her along somewhere where there were corners—oh, and several screens. He—or Phillip—no, *he* would stay where he was. Hold up the General until it was safe. Tell him a good tale about Phillip's being run over by a motor-hearse. So the danger would be braved. Great,



TO MARRY MR. H. D. MARGESSON :
MISS FRANCES LEGGETT.

Miss Frances Leggett is a beautiful American heiress, daughter of the late Francis H. Leggett, of New York, and of Mrs. Leggett, of Burton Street, Berkeley Square, and was one of the bridesmaids to the American Ambassador's daughter, Miss Katherine Page, at the Chapel Royal, last year. Mr. Margesson, 11th Hussars, is the son of Mr. Mortimer Margesson and Lady Isabel Margesson, of Barnt Green House, Worcestershire.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

strong idea. By the time Egbert had thought it out in all its staffing the General had arrived.

Egbert, with a frozen heart, watched him run nimbly—as Generals will—through the doors towards them. He was very rosy. His face had a glow of convinced geniality. Egbert was a man for the ticklish moment. He did a five-rounds rapid in his thoughts department. He did it with success. The genial smile helped him. He would strike while the smile glowed. The moment the Old Man arrived he went in bravely.

"Good day, Sir. I should like to introduce—"

"Eh? What's that?" chirruped the Old Man; but his eyes were more occupied with Phillip and the girl. His eyes fixed on them, a direct and searching look—awful. Then the smile—expanded.

"Hello! Hello!" And none are so young as Generals in their ways of life and conversation. "Hello! You've found each other. You discovered these young blackguards then, Dora? You found my niece, you boys?"

Dora—niece— Egbert wondered at what age Generals became thoroughly insane . . . but . . . but the girl and Phillip were laughing, laughing at him. He recollected abruptly that Phillip was—Phillip.

"What was that you were saying, Egbert," the General growled good-humouredly as they prepared to move on—"somethin' about introducing?"

"Egbert's a bit involved," Phillip said calmly. "What he was trying to say was that we had taken the liberty of introducing ourselves to Miss Dora."

The General steered them to a table.

"Of course, of course. Quite right too."

"And I made the advances—what do you think of me for that?" said Dora wickedly. "Mr. Ho—Egbert thought it rather pronounced."

"Sure you, nothing of the snort," spluttered the unhappy lad.

"Little witch!" chuckled the General. ("How young we all are," he was thinking—as Generals will.) He swept the three with his genial glance. "How'd you manage it? Mean, how'd you know who was who?"

The little lady giggled.

"It's an awfully good photo. of Mr. Phillip at your house, Uncle," she said.

"Couldn't be better than the photo. of Miss Dora you had on your writing-desk at the dépôt," clinched Phillip.

The General chuckled. Egbert would have liked to chuckle. But then he wasn't an expert in photos and things—like Phillip.

THE END.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CUMMING RUSSELL :
THE HON. JULIET GARDNER.

Miss Juliet Gardner is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere, and was born in 1892. Captain A. D. Cumming Russell, Railway Transport Officer, British Expeditionary Force, is the eldest son of the late General Russell, of Aden.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



A BEAUTIFUL
SPRING
MODEL

STYLE 333

Patent Golosh
High Cut Lace Boot,
with Black, Nigger
Brown or Navy Blue
Cloth Tops. Patent
Strip Facing, Cuban
Heel.

23/-

SOROSIS
The World's Finest
BOOTS

THE 'Soros' Boot illustrated is a perfect Boot for Spring Wear. Beautifully made of the finest leather, it provides a good example of 'Soros' designing. The price is 23/- and the Boots are guaranteed to fit like a glove and to give absolute comfort. Try a pair on at the nearest 'Soros' Shop. 'Soros' Boots can only be obtained at 'Soros' Shoe Stores. Write for Booklet to Soros' Shoe Store, Regent House, 233, Regent Street, London, W. There are 20 Soros' Stores in London and one or more in the leading Provincial Towns. The same courteous attention at every Store.



JEWELLERS



SILVERSMITHS

TO H.M. THE KING

**THE
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.**

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD (A.B. SAVORY & SONS)
(Established 1751)



Dessert Services.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company invite inspection of their Dessert and Fruit Services of Solid Silver and Silver Gilt. These Services are of highest quality and are moderate in price. Many of the designs are reproductions of antique models, others are of exclusive character and cannot be obtained elsewhere. Photographs of special services or an illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on application.

THE flower or fruit Jardiniere illustrated is of Solid Silver. It is elegantly fluted and pierced by hand, and has Lion mask handles. Length 17½ inches.

£52 : 10 : 0

Side Dishes, 10½ inches long, £18 0 0 each.

Only One Address. No Branches.

112, Regent St., London, W.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE
20 H.P. Extra Strong Colonial
NAPIER
ON WAR SERVICE

QUEENSBERRY LODGE,
LUTON, BEDS.

March. 30th. 1916.

Dear Sirs,

I have had one of your 20 H.P. Colonial Models in France and have driven it myself.

In spite of the roughness of roads which you can well imagine exists over there now, I have not had any trouble with the car, which always did its work as well as could possibly be desired and in every sense fulfilled the claims you make for this model, particularly with regard to the silence of the engine.

After having done 8 to 10 thousand miles the running of the engine is as good or even better than when I first had it,

Yours faithfully,

R. B. Plummer

Messrs. D. Napier & Son, Ltd,
14, New Burlington Street,
LONDON. W.



SCHOOLS FOR BOYS and GIRLS.

TUTORS FOR ALL EXAMS.

MESSRS. J. & J. PATON, having an intimate, unique and up-to-date knowledge of the **BEST SCHOOLS and TUTORS** in this country, will be pleased to **AID PARENTS** in their choice by sending (free of charge) **PROSPECTUSES and TRUST-WORTHY INFORMATION** regarding **ESTABLISHMENTS** which can be **THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED**.

The age of the Pupil, District preferred,
and rough idea of Fees should be given.

'Phone, Write
or Call.

Telephone—
5053 CENTRAL.

J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents,
143, Cannon Street, LONDON, E.C.

REMEMBER THE BABIES!

The little ones at this time need all the care we can lavish upon them. Study their health and comfort by using

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE

TOILET POWDER

Relieves Chafing, Redness, Roughness. Soothing and Emollient.

TOILET CREAM

May be safely used on the most delicate and sensitive skin.

TOILET SOAP

Delightfully perfumed. Promotes the healthy action of the skin.



PRICES from 1/- PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

Prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors.

JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist, 13, BAKER ST., London, W.



A better Arrol-Johnston Car than ever, at a popular price—that is how matters are shaping at the big new Arrol-Johnston car factory at Dumfries.

Arrol-Johnston

A "Con Amore" Cigarette made in the Crest of the Royal Naval Air Service.



"Con Amore" Crested Cigarettes are made similarly for every regular British Regiment in boxes of 100, 50 & 25 only.

"Con Amore" Cigarettes with Regimental Crests.

It's a thoughtful act to send your Service Friend a regular supply of "Con Amore" Cigarettes bearing the Crest of his Regiment.

He will be pleased two ways. "Con Amores" will charm him with their superb goodness, and the Crest of his own regiment on each Cigarette, and on the box, will be an appreciated subtle compliment.

These Crested "Con Amores" are favourites on all the Fronts, and are made for practically every Regimental Mess in the British Army. They combine a pleasing novelty with the Marcovitch 65 years' reputation for perfect Cigarettes.

Lieut. A. E. T., of the A.S.C., 34th Div., says of them:—

"Thanks for the Cigarettes. ... I like them and the manner in which the Crest is produced very much." 100 of each, Turkish and Virginia, sent abroad, duty free and postage paid, cost 11/6.

Leading Tobacconists sell "Con Amore" Crested Cigarettes. In case of difficulty, the Manufacturers will supply direct.

	Per 100 box.	Per 50 box.	Per 25 box.
Egyptian Blend	8/6	4/3	2/2
Turkish "	8/-	4/-	2/-
Virginia - "	7/-	3/6	1/9

Also supplied without the Regimental Crests at the same prices.

REDUCED PRICES FOR SOLDIERS ABROAD

On quantities of 200 and more, we send duty free and postage paid, at a reduction of 1/9 per hundred from ordinary prices. In ordering, you need to send Name, Rank, and Regiment, together with Remittance, when despatch from Bond will be immediately made.

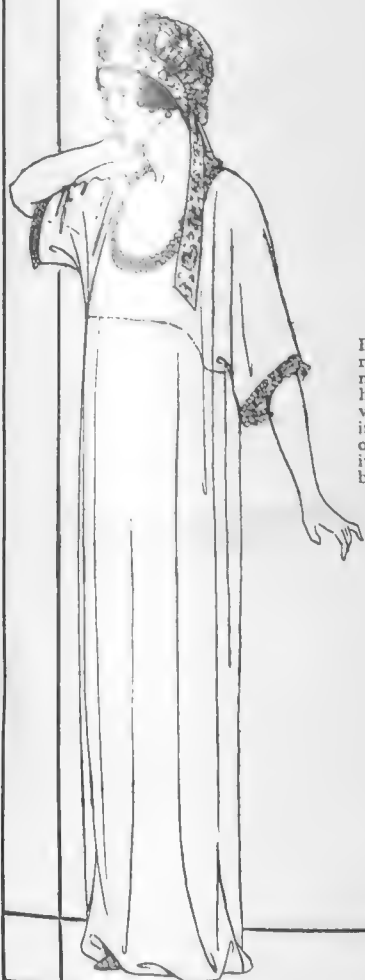
N. Marcovitch & Co., Ltd.

Cigarette Makers by Hand for 65 years,

13, Lower Regent St. Waterloo Place S.W. (Next to York House)

DAINTY LINGERIE At Popular Prices

DESIGNED by our own artists and made by our own workers from materials that can be relied on to stand more than average wear. The garment illustrated is an example of the value to be found in our Lingerie Section.



Bed Gown, as sketch, in rich silk crepe de chine, new yoke, put on with hemstitching finished valenciennes lace and insertion. Made in our own workrooms. In ivory, sky, pink and black.

Price 29/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST. LONDON

and at SCARBOROUGH HARROGATE LEEDS YORK

Book of Lingerie posted free.

"New lamps for old" was the cry of the villain in "Aladdin and the Lamp." New tyres for old is the cry of the

DUNLOP

Repair Department. If your old grooved cover has been properly treated, and the casing is sound, it can be economically repaired and retreaded at



Priory Works, Belsize Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.; Aston Cross, Birmingham; 60, North Wallace St., Glasgow; Oriel House, Westland Row, Dublin.

WOMAN'S WAYS

M. Maurice Barrès
Observes.

It is singular that we should take as the symbol of Britain a fat, elderly gentleman with side-whiskers and a paunch, for, of all the European nations, the English have most the look of youth. Our babies are real babies, our boys of twenty are incredibly young and fair, and our middle-aged men look like slender dandies instead of folks rising sixty. With the women it is the same. At fifty, a Frenchwoman abdicates; she descends from her feminine throne, wears shapeless garments and mysterious head-gear, and occupies herself solely with business or the family. Very few elderly Frenchmen, Germans, or Austrians look young enough, as Englishmen do, to wear the clothes and hats they wore at twenty-five. M. Maurice Barrès, wandering about the front to record his impressions of the war, is struck by the "look of youth" in the faces of the English troops. The French have waited a hundred years to find out we are not the dour and callous race they imagined, and now we have a handsome tribute from the finest psychologist in France. "There is a look of youth," he declares, "in all English faces; I know not what of infancy remains there through all the ages of life." This expression is characteristic, and denotes the fact that we are only beginning our career as the most astounding Empire the world has ever seen. Perhaps we had to have some catastrophic shock like the war to draw all England and all her Dominions and Colonies together. With all their genius and charm, the Latin races have a look of age rather than youth. A French baby, an Italian lad, will look at you with eyes which remember at least two thousand years, and a Jewish child is the most age-old of all.

Back to Victorian
Simplicities.

The exigencies of the time are making us economical, and we shall soon be right back among the Victorian simplicities. Now—as then—women, when they charily bespeak their one silk frock, will order their dressmaker to supply them with two bodices—one high, and one low. In Victorian times even Royal Princesses practised this economy, so why not our humble selves? The motor-car of luxury has almost disappeared, and even the very rich only produce an open car with a flapping canvas cover, or meet you at the station with a modest one-horse brougham. Gardens this summer will be practically flowerless, for there are few gardeners, and brimming parterres are held to be in as bad taste as brilliance and display in dress. The rhododendrons, to be sure, will be with us presently in all the splendour of their amethyst, rose, and wine-colour. Knowing nothing of the war, they will make gay the groves and gardens just as if there were no fighting going on. Then our dinners will get simpler and shorter as the war goes on, and in this we shall be un-Victorian, for one has only to look at the faded menus of one's mother's dinner-parties to realise what a superfluity of food and drink was consumed by our progenitors. It was King Edward who "brought in" the fashion of short dinners, and it is no hardship for us to curtail them a trifle more. The duty of economy will possibly bring us back to a simplicity in our day-by-day life to which we have latterly been strangers, and the war prove a social tonic of no little value.

"Byron's Little
Tour on the
Continent."

In the *Observer* of April 14, 1816, there is an announcement that Lord Byron, that fashionable poet and man-about-town, "is making preparations for a tour on the Continent," and that "the separation of him and his Lady is by mutual consent." This little tour of Byron's resolved itself into the orgies of Venice, the romance of Ravenna, and the heroic tragedy of Missolonghi. It was a strange and moving Odyssey, which contained the death and incineration of Shelley, the love-story of Claire, and the devotion of the beautiful Countess Guiccioli. English poets "lived" in those days, and met their end in strange and tragic ways.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

An Introduction.

For the most part, these "Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life" are concerned with things theatrical; but that does not make the book any less interesting to those to whom "theatre" is but a word: it is a study in humanity, with and without grease-paint. None interested in the stage can afford to miss it; and the same may be said of those merely interested in man—and woman—as he has lived and lives. Our space is so limited that we can quote but little: that little must suffice as introduction to the much. Let us start with Barrie, the most elusive playwright of his day, the man who would be world-famed if he had written nothing but the immortal "Peter Pan."

Barrie Begins.

"There was a diffident knocking at the door of the Nottingham Daily Journal on a Sunday night. On the dark landing, a-top of a broken staircase, stood a small, delicate youth unmistakably from Scotland. 'My name is Barrie. I am the new leader-writer!' He proceeded to explain that he was 'a-awfully tired' after the long journey from Edinburgh.

He had taken the precaution of writing, in the train, a leading article which he hoped would satisfy the occasion. And he would like to go home to bed. The leading article was written in pencil, on both sides of the two fly-leaves, yellow glazed, of a pocket edition of Horace. The writing was minute and regular and most legible—apparently. Actually, it was the tonic record of a Scottish drawl, softly extended, and sweetly unintelligible. Barrie's association with the 'oldest provincial daily paper,' thus begun, extended over two years, and was terminated, it may be, because of the ultra-fantastic quality of the contributions of 'The Little Minister'; it may be because he asked for an increase of salary." Meantime, he had asked three pounds a week, which the senior proprietor had interpreted as twelve pounds a month!

His Work.

For this munificent sum, Barrie had to contribute two columns of literary matter per day—a leading article and book reviews, etc., to fill! At Nottingham, he wrote his first play—"Polly's Dilemma," or something of the sort. Also he wrote fiction—in the novel sense. *Bow Bells* accepted the first effort—"twenty thousand words of succulent sentiment, for which he got three guineas." That sort of thing is better paid now! "He was the most shy, the most painfully sensitive creature, with an exquisite delicacy in regard to women. He drank nothing.

And he used to assure me that, after a most conscientious trial, he found smoking detestable." What do the myriad readers of "My Lady Nicotine" think of that? "Walking was a joy to him. I suppose we must have covered hundreds of miles of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire together."

Leno the Regal.

Then to a very different type—Dan Leno. "I have a collection of the Middlesex programmes dating back to 1872—a priceless record. On 5th October, 1885, the announcement is made of the first appearance in London of Dan Leno, 'the great Irish comic vocalist and present champion dancer.' I believe the honour of Dan's introduction to town is claimed also by the Forester's Music Hall, but he may have worked both halls. 'Milk for the Twins' was the delectable ditty he sang. But neither hall can really claim his first appearance, for 'Little George, the infant wonder, contortionist, and posturer,' appeared at the Cosmothea Music Hall, Paddington, in 1864, being then somewhat four short years." In his later days he became "regal," signing "Leno."

Concerning Irving.

So to Irving. For Wolsey's robes a commission was despatched to Rome to get the very shade of silk. . . . In 'The Lyons Mail' a valise is hastily slit, and bank-notes torn out by impetuous fingers. Bank of France notes, again, carefully of the period, were printed on the proper paper, so that if one or two should be carried by the stage draughts into the stalls the illusion was unbroken."

"Fifty Years of a Londoner's Life." By H. G. Hibbert. (Grant Richards: 10s. 6d. net.)



LENDER OF HER WORTHING HOUSE, AS A HOSPITAL:
MRS. PERCY BATTYE.

Mr. Battye is in the Welsh Guards.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

The Vogue in BOOTS

Boots are worn higher—and what a transformation in every way dress fashions have wrought upon the designs of boots! With this opportunity for display, many graceful shapes and patterns have evolved, and as might be expected, cultured taste looks to the Manfield productions to give an educated interpretation of the vogue.

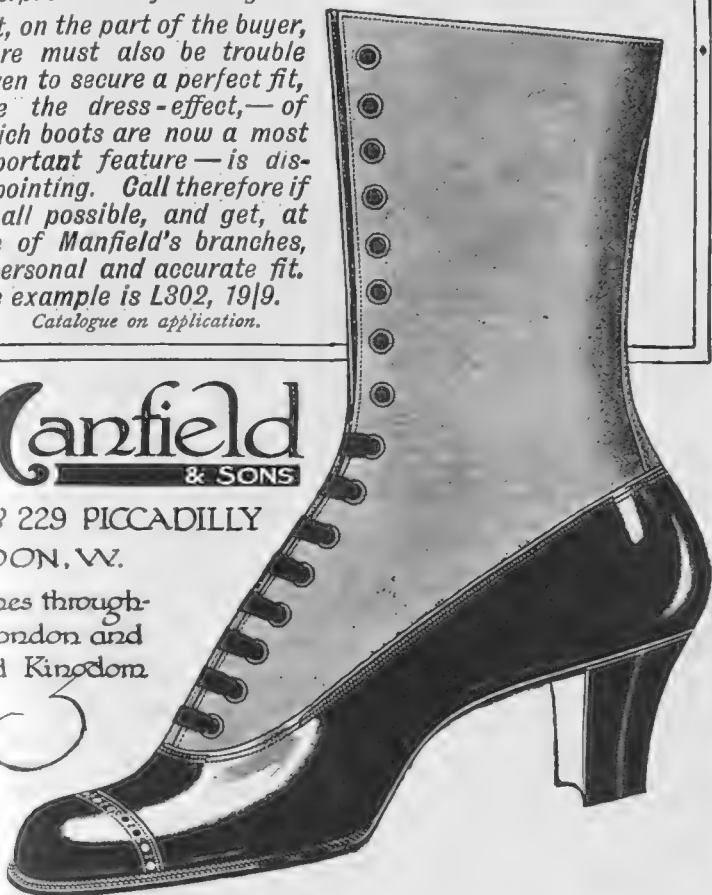
But, on the part of the buyer, there must also be trouble taken to secure a perfect fit, else the dress-effect,—of which boots are now a most important feature—is disappointing. Call therefore if at all possible, and get, at one of Manfield's branches, a personal and accurate fit. The example is L302, 19/9.

Catalogue on application.

Manfield & SONS

228 & 229 PICCADILLY
LONDON, W.

Branches throughout London and United Kingdom



INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTDRESS

Adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, and made by our own workers, in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine with square yoke of lace and new wide sleeve, trimmed lace and finished smocking. In new hydrangea shades of pink, blue, primrose, heliotrope, lavender, also in white and black.

PRICE
29/6

Chemise to match, 18/9
Knickers to match, 18/9

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



J.W. Benson

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES LTD.
Any Regimental Design Perfectly Modelled



NAVAL CROWN.

Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds, £20

Large Selection in Diamonds,
and Gold and Enamel.

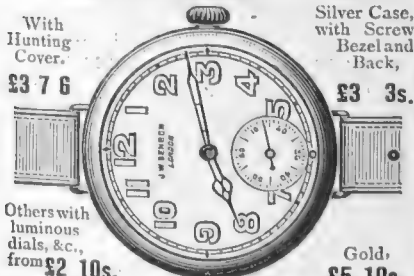
Prices on application.

BENSON'S

"Active Service"

WRISTLET WATCH.

Fully Luminous Figures and Hands.



Others with luminous dials, &c., from £2 10s.

Silver Case, with Screw Bezel and Back,

£3 3s.

Gold, £5 10s.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.
and 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

The Pomeroy Treatment for Superfluous Hair is, beyond all doubt, the best means known for securing complete and final freedom from the trouble. It is in no sense an experiment. The experts who give the treatment have a full knowledge of what needs to be done and how to do it. Success is certain. The hairs once removed will never grow again.

POMEROY TREATMENT ROOMS

CONSULTATION FREE.

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.

Liverpool: 27, Leese St. (top of Bold St.) Manchester: 20, St. Ann's Square. Glasgow: 281, Sauchiehall St. Dublin: 67, Grafton St.

Special Agencies: Aberdeen, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Cork.



A Beauty Secret...

THE true secret of beauty is a healthy complexion. The lines and furrows that make so many women look careworn and old quickly vanish when the skin is restored to a healthy condition.

OATINE CREAM is the only preparation that gets down into the pores, removing the dirt and grime which soap and water cannot reach, and restoring the skin to its fresh, natural condition.

OATINE is an ideal skin food, prepared from Oats, which revives the natural charm of the complexion, removes roughness and soreness, leaves the skin delightfully soft, does not grow hair, and is invaluable for preserving the skin from all extremes of temperature.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/3 a jar.

Oatine FACE CREAM

For those who prefer a greaseless cream we manufacture **OATINE SNOW**, a vanishing cream, as its name suggests. It is particularly suitable where the skin is naturally inclined to be oily. All chemists stock **OATINE SNOW**, price 1/-

GET A JAR & PROVE ITS WORTH

Nature bleaches

with sun and dew the beautiful Irish Linen manufactured by Robinson & Cleaver, thus ensuring a whiteness that will be retained through long wear and repeated washings.

TABLE LINEN—No. 6537 (as illus.) Superfine Double Damask Tablecloth, suitable for either a round or square table. Pattern: Mistletoe and Ornament, Circular Design. Size 2 by 2 yds., 17/6; 2 by 2½ yds., 22/4; 2 by 3 yds., 26/6; 2 by 3½ yds., 30/11; 2½ by 3 yds., 34/6; 2½ by 3½ yds., 40/3 each. Dinner Napkins to match, size ¾ by ¾ yd., 34/9 per dozen.

HANDKERCHIEFS—No. 6133—Ladies' Pure Linen Hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs, size about 12½ ins., with ½ in. hem. Per doz. 7/11.



Write for our Green Book of Damasks, which will be sent free with cuttings of linens.

Robinson & Cleaver

LONDON

38, Drnegall Place
BELFAST

LIVERPOOL



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Arrested.

Smart women are hoping that our Government will follow the example of that of Munich, and arrest the fashionably dressed. They say that nothing would help things along better; there would be such keen competition to get arrested. No woman of light and leading in the world of dress who respected her reputation would like to escape being haled before a magistrate in the circumstances!



OF THE DIRECTOIRE PERIOD.

A quaint hat made of black taffeta with jade-green ribbon, having a gold edge and a cluster of oranges in front.

can be fitted in less than a minute, and removed instantly to any other room having a grate the same size; also, it belongs to a tenant and moves when she does. It is fitted with a hinged bottom which automatically regulates itself to the height of the existing grate, and a screw-nut makes it absolutely rigid. The fuel-combustion is controlled by a simple air-regulator. It is quite ornamental, and costs only 15s., packed in a box, and sent free to any address by Messrs. Young and Marten, of Stratford, E., the patentees aforesaid.

Specialists.

In dress there must be specialists. When a smart woman wants to go about looking inconspicuous up to the shortest possible time before making the most valuable of all gifts to her country, the only chance of success is to go for her costumes to specialists. Wood Bros., North Parade, Manchester, are inventors in this specialty, and they offer a large variety of skirts and blouses cleverly designed by them to suit this purpose. They despatch mourning orders within twenty-four hours of their receipt. These costumes are graceful and comfortable, and are also essentially smart. Prices for skirts, blouses, house-gowns, visiting-gowns, and coat-and-skirt costumes are quite moderate. There are quantities of up-to-date models to choose from, and the current fashions, needless to say, dictate the styles. Layettes and other necessities for all important arrivals are also specialised with complete success at this establishment.

The Spring is Here.

If the weather forgets its duty, Woolland's new guide to dress doesn't; the cover is like a ray of spring sunshine, embodied in a delightful girl in delicious surroundings. If it were not too cruel, I would send it to Jimmie in the

To Be Beautiful

Is to be good. If one is quite sure that one's looks are all right, temptations assail in vain. Quite a reliable help to such a beatific state are the Curlash preparations at 95, Wigmore Street. Crème Rose-Eugénie is one of them, and it is prepared from the recipe of a famous beauty; it brightens the skin when pale, and keeps it elastic, and is, tell it not in Gath, quite undetectable. Sherlock Holmes would never see it, save to belaud and admire!

A Peripatetic Fire.

The value of the famous Hue Fire is universally acknowledged. It is, therefore, excellent news that the patentees are going to put on the market, directly, a modified type known as the Hue Model, No. 3. It



Robertson

THE CRINOLINE UP TO DATE.

A pointed bodice of pale-grey-and-silver brocade, held up on one side by straps of rose-pink velvet ribbon lined with silver, and on the other by a trail of pink-and-silver tissue flowers, is here allied to a "farthingale" skirt of silver lace, trimmed with a garland of ribbon, over grey charmeuse.

trenches, to make him think, "Oh to be in England now that spring is there!" The inside is interesting to us others whose business it is to put the best looks foremost against such time as soldier men come home. Such pretty hats, such desirable dresses, such piquant yet practical coats and dainty little befrilled coatees, such smart things for country wear are in it; and then, mindful of the war-limited capacity of our purses, these temptations things are all really attainable even in our straitened circumstances.

Dainty Interior Decorations.

The woman who is really nice is rather more particular about her interior than her exterior daintiness. Her lingerie must be of the finest, and, if she wants the ribbon of the finest too, she must go to Woolland's, where the subject is made a study of, and the lingerie ribbon is rich, soft, beautiful to look upon, and luxurious to handle.

There are seventy-two varieties to choose from, and in all shades. They are expressly manufactured for the firm, so a search over London will fail to find it unless you touch the right spot in Knightsbridge.

May Queen.

"If you're waking, call me early, and bring me my newest Woolland corset," might be the latest direction to the May Queen's mother. There is no virtue in the finest clothes unless they are on the right-shaped figure. Long ago this firm recognised that Paris and Brussels were where the designers were born, not made, and were scientific rather than slavish. So resulted the creation of the May Queen Corset, beloved of smart women in all climes. There are many models fresh for the spring, and, if any women want to give their new spring clothes a really fair chance to do their best by them, let them see these corsets—they won't come away without one or two!

Another Expense.

There is no way out of it. Fashion, She-who-must-be-obeyed, says we have got to increase the size of our heads. We are not subjects for swelled heads like the fraus and fräuleins; also, we desire the becoming; so it has to be done either by puffing-out, waving, and charmingly arranging a generous home-grown crop, or by means of imports, as yet untaxed! In any case, we may make up our minds, war-time though it is, to another expense, unless we would be one of the Don'ts and Dowdies!

Apropos des Bottes.

Nine million pairs of boots for the Russians—where do we come in? There may be some little inconvenience to private trade, says the official announcement. There will not be much if orders are given at once—or, better still, if some reliable pairs of shoes and boots are now acquired of the Lotus brand, which is excellent and fits as if made for each individual. Eighteen million Russian feet to be covered with British-made boots will certainly cause some little delay, and possible shortage later on, in the supply of our little, harmless, necessary foot-coverings; so be wise in time, O readers mine, and get you some boots and shoes!



A PRETTY AND GIRLISH HAT.

A hat of palest pink straw lined with dark-brown velvet and trimmed with shot-brown-and-gold ribbon and a small bunch of bright-coloured flowers.

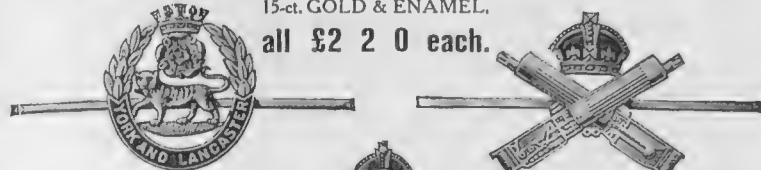
Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD & ENAMEL.

all £2 2 0 each.



The York and Lancaster Regiment.

The Motor Machine Gun Corps.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.



The Royal Artillery.

The Norfolk Regiment.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches. Money returned in full if not approved

Badge of every regiment in stock. Can be supplied by return.



The Devonshire Regiment.

The Black Watch.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



H. C. ROGERS

Seaman Gunner

The Grand Fleet

"Phosferine Tablets have done me good and I feel more fit and better than I have felt since being in the Service. Being inside of a turret when firing, the noise and concussion is terrible, and tries the nerves of far stronger men than me, but Phosferine Tablets are the best that I know of for the nerves, and now my nerves are not upset by the gun-firing. I get drenched with water working in rough weather and rain, and being recommended to try Phosferine Tablets for a nasty cold, and not being able to eat or sleep much, my mouth seeming always dry and bitter, I got the Canteen Manager to get me some Tablets. and have derived much benefit from them, and don't feel any ill effects after my hard day's work, but wake up fresh and fit to carry on another day's work. Having suffered nearly all my time in the Service with nasty colds, I shall always be grateful for being told to have a try at Phosferine Tablets, they have stopped my headaches and dry and bitter taste in my mouth, and also a nasty attack of nasal catarrh, but at last I've got something that will cure me."

This seasoned Seaman Gunner declares he owes it to Phosferine alone that his nerves are no longer stunned and shaken by the shattering shock of heavy gunfire and to Phosferine alone he owes his new freedom from the disorders he experienced daily for many years—in plain terms, Phosferine ensures that all the nerve organisms are active enough to provide the extra vitality to outlast that exceptional strain and exposure which had previously overcome him.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



The Women are Splendid.

The women of the Empire have responded nobly to the call for help in all industries affected by the withdrawal of men for the Forces.

In the factories, on the fields, and in transport work, women are doing arduous work which, in normal times, they would have considered beyond their powers—work that entails exposure to all weathers and the rough handling of harsh and unfamiliar implements, yet with a touch of POND'S Vanishing Cream night and morning the beauty and charm of soft and supple skins need not be sacrificed.

Just a touch, that is all, on the face, hands, and neck, and POND'S Vanishing Cream will protect you from all adverse conditions, leaving the skin soft, pale, and delicate, with not a trace of grease, stickiness or stain.

For the aid of POND'S Vanishing Cream, and you can offer your services for the most exacting tasks.

Dainty FREE TRIAL TUBE for 1d. Stamp for postage. Of all chemists in 1/- Tubes and 1/- & 2/- Jars. Always insist on POND'S.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 85), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 102



Pond's vanishing Cream

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A Great Factor in Food Economy

Pure, full-cream milk enriched with all the nutritive extracts of selected malted barley and wheat in powder form. Every particle is wholesome nourishment, and the addition of hot or cold water only instantly forms a delicious food beverage so highly nutritious and so easily digested that it advantageously replaces heavier items of diet which require more digestive effort, yet at the same time it supplies greater nutritive value. Economical in all respects, suits all ages, and contains no cane sugar.

READY IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN HOT OR COLD WATER ONLY. NO COOKING REQUIRED.

Also available as delicious food tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Relieve thirst and supply sufficient nourishment to maintain strength and prevent fatigue.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

In Sterilised Glass Bottles of all Chemists and Stores, 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-. The Tablets also in convenient pocket flasks at 6d. and 1/- each.

Liberal Sample of either Powder or Tablets sent post free for 3d. In stamps HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

PUSH AND—WON'T GO! ADJUSTING THE NEW TAXES: THE BIG-ENGINE CAR.

Hard to Push. An amusing yarn is current as to an incident which occurred recently, of all places, in Coventry, where everybody is supposed to know everything that there is to be known about motor vehicles. It appears that the owner of a van found himself in difficulties with a seized engine, the vehicle in question being fitted with epicyclic gears, and, therefore, probably an American. He withdrew the driving-shafts

hundredweight of metal, over a road strewn with new metal, against the compression of the engine, for the trick of propping up the exhaust-valve with a coin was not discovered until later, nor were exhaust-valve lifters yet invented. Never in my life have I put in so much physical labour as on that memorable ascent, and, as "quads" had but a short life, there are few people nowadays who are in a position to realise what the undertaking really meant.



POSSIBLY INCLUDING THAT WHICH FLEW OVER BESIEGED KUT: BRITISH AEROPLANES IN MESOPOTAMIA.

A flying man returned from Mesopotamia was interviewed the other day by the "Express," and stated that he flew over the Turkish positions and circled over Kut on a number of occasions. Once he carried five parcels to General Townshend's force and dropped them, attached to parachutes. Three of the parcels, at all events, fell into the British lines.—[Photograph by Topical.]

in order to make it possible to push the car along, and then invoked friendly help to enable him to get it home. As there was no fear of its being driven away, with the engine *hors de combat*, he left the van outside, having previously, however, replaced the driving-shafts. Next morning he was petrified with astonishment on finding that the van had disappeared! A special constable had come across it, and, instead of making inquiries at the adjoining house, had summoned a squad of other constables, who pushed the van into a shed. What with the epicyclic gearing and the seized engine, they must have found the job a perspiring one even in semi-Arctic weather, and heaven alone knows how they managed to trundle it at all.

Some Precedents. The story recalls a very similar occurrence which took place in London City many years ago, when not one per cent. of the population knew anything at all about motors or motor-cars. A pioneer motor salesman, now a knight, had driven into the City and left his car standing while he went inside a building to interview a client. One call led to another, and then he met some friends, who hustled him off to a place of entertainment, having, meanwhile, forgotten all about the car. After it had been standing in the street a good many hours, the police took charge of the situation and the car, and pushed it to a station. But it so happened that the driver had left it in gear, and the diverting spectacle was witnessed of ten burly constables struggling with a resisting vehicle, which, in the circumstances, can hardly have been much easier to push than to carry outright, though they could, had they known, have made matters easy enough if only they had moved the change-speed lever into the neutral notch. But motorists themselves did not know much better in the very earliest days. I remember in 1899 going down to Redditch with a friend to take delivery of a motor "quad." The way home led up Edge Hill, a long and fearfully stiff gradient, which the 2½-h.p. air-cooled engine was, of course, quite unable to surmount. Heavily swathed as we were for a long journey, we had to push the three

in respect of the increased taxation of motor-cycles are too drastic; any additions to the present taxes shall be on the original basis." It is pointed out, in support of these suggestions, that many people are to-day using cars and motor-cycles, as a consequence of the war, mainly for utilitarian purposes.

Cheapness and Big Engines.

So far as the 16-26-h.p. class is concerned, of course, the main issue is whether the Ford owners shall be trebly taxed or not. They cry with one voice that £18 18s. is a good deal to pay on a car which cost £125 when new, if bought before the 33 1-3 per cent. duty was imposed. But these good people forget that they have already participated in the initial advantage of obtaining a low-priced car, but with a big engine of the slow-running type; whereas the owners of British-built cars with high-speed engines of small bore, though they have their three-guinea tax increased to six guineas only, had

The New Taxes.

The latest criticisms of the new taxes come from the Automobile Association, which makes sundry specific proposals as follows: "(1) That, in view of the fact that the 16-26-h.p. class includes the majority of utility cars, the proposal to treble the taxes of certain cars shall be adjusted to concern only those that are above 26-h.p. (2) That, if the proposed increased duties on second-hand cars, cannot be abolished, arrangements should be made whereby the whole or part of the additional duty shall be remitted on cars four years old and upwards. (3) That the whole or part of the additional taxes be remitted on cars used mainly for Red Cross, police, or for national work. (4) That the proposals



WORK USUALLY DONE BY MOTOR-TRACTORS: AN ELEPHANT AND TWO CAMELS HAULING LOADS IN SHEFFIELD.

The proprietor of the trolley shown laden with boilers first employed the elephant only; now, he has added to him two camels. The animals came from a travelling circus and menagerie disbanded in Sheffield during the war.—[Photograph by Topical.]

to part with £350 or so in the first instance. So long as American cars are produced on present methods their owners must be content to profit at the outset, and not seek to gain at both ends. If their cars had been built in less wholesale fashion, with smaller but more efficient engines, the purchase-price would have been very much greater at the outset.

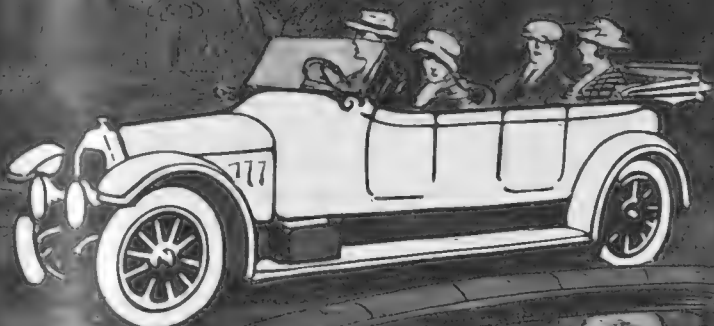
The reason

why we cannot at present build Swift cars is to be found "somewhere" in France. In other words, we are helping the country to win the present war by "doing our bit" for H. M. Government. Afterwards new Swift cars will again be available. Wait until then, and you will gain in many ways.

SWIFT

The Swift Motor Co., Ltd.,
Coventry.

LONDON - 132-4, Long Acre, W.C.
DUBLIN - 15-17, South King Street.



"Most Miles per Shilling"

THOUSANDS of motorists all over the country have found this to be a fact—they ride farthest, easiest, safest, and cheapest on

Firestone

NON-SKID TYRES

The way in which the extra power is built to support the extra tread explains why Firestone service gives universal satisfaction.

Read our brochure, "What's What in Tyres."

POST FREE FROM

FIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER CO., Ltd.,
216, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Agents Everywhere.



Firestone



LADIES LEARN TO DRIVE

BECAUSE it is a healthy, enjoyable and, if desired, highly remunerative outdoor occupation, in which they can help their country, which is in great need of women drivers owing to the scarcity of men. B.S.M. pupils are driving for the

Government Departments, Trade and Commerce, and Red Cross Ambulances, etc. It is Easy and Inexpensive to learn. The B.S.M. system is:—For One Small Fee, without any extra charges, the pupil continues to learn until Proficient and Satisfied. Write (mentioning "Sketch.") or call for full particulars, fees, etc.

BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING Ltd. 5, COVENTRY STREET PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

"Perfect Security"

accurately describes the protection of The Tielocken Burberry. Overlapping fronts doubly safeguard every vulnerable part of the body, providing a light, dry and comfortable shelter against both wet and cold.



Showing Collar in the third position, see below.



Illustrated
Military
or Naval
Catalogues
Post Free

Every
Burberry
Garment
is labelled
"Burberrys."

THE TIELOCKEN BURBERRY

Made in exclusive Burberry cloths, in combination with linings of Proofed Wool, Camel Fleece or Felt, ensures the protection and comfort essential when prolonged exposure is unavoidable.

Easy adjustment—no buttons to fasten or lose. The belt, fitting the coat to any thickness of undergarments, holds it smartly and well.

The collar can be worn (1) open as depicted; (2) closed up like The Burberry; (3) stand with fall points, as inset; or (4) buttoned right up.

Naval or Military Weatherproofs.
Until further notice BURBERRYS
CLEAN AND RE-PROOF Officers'
"Burberrys," Tielockens and Burberry
Trench-Warms **FREE OF CHARGE.**

Officers' Complete Kits in
2 to 4 days or Ready to Use

BURBERRYS

Haymarket
LONDON

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; also Provincial Agents

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ONE might almost imagine a sort of jealousy in the spirit of Shakespeare which causes it to influence the brains of dramatists who tack their fancies on to his name. Clever people have actually put the character of Shakespeare upon the stage—quite vainly; others have toyed with ideas imputed to him—unsuccessfully. The latest adventurer is Sir James Barrie, certainly one of the best equipped, for, although nobody would describe any of his work as Shakespearean, he indisputably possesses an originality, narrow, perhaps, in its scope, which yet amounts to genius. Yet "Shakespeare's Legacy," produced at a Drury Lane matinée, won't do. Possibly it has rare qualities undiscovered; obviously it was a puzzle to most of the audience. There is a moral in the piece, comfortable for the ladies, that goodness leads to growth of physical beauty; but Shakespeare was too much of an observer to have such an untruth put upon him. There is possibly some foundation for the converse proposition, since there are cases where in course of time badness does produce some physical effect on beauty. When, however, we are presented to Mary Queen of Scots telling that formidable monarch Queen Bess that she, Mary, had become beautiful by being good, one can but imagine irreverently that the famous Queen said something like "Rats." Mary's beauty has been disputed, though not her charm, which was irresistible. She may have been one of Voltaire's *laides charmeuses*; but she clearly was a very naughty lady, even if innocent of this or that particular crime. Of course, there are quaint moments in the piece, and jokes against the English—which we always accept placidly, thanks to our thick skins—and there are quaintly humorous ideas, so, after all, the

little *pièce de circonstance* fulfilled its mission by causing a lot of people to contribute to a valuable war charity.

The American comedy in four acts at the Globe, "The Show Shop," by Mr. James Forbes, proved an entertaining little farce, and did not suffer much from being called a comedy. The comic

dress rehearsal of crude melodrama is not to be described as a new idea; but there was some freshness in it, and it was a happy thought to show us a small piece of the first night performance with all the rehearsed effects complete. The taking of the calls, first by the whole company, then by the principals, then by the leading lady and gentleman, and finally by the leading lady, with a little faltering speech, was excellent; and equally excellent was Mr. A. E. Matthews, the amateur who never managed to get anything right. The rest was a highly coloured and on the whole amusing collection of Americanisms, brightened by some shrewd jests at the expense of managers and the stage. Mr. Edmund Gwenn was splendid as a flamboyant manager, and Lady Tree played the mother with a keen sense of comedy; while the two young people were acted with infinite good-humour by Mr. A. E. Matthews and Miss Marie Löhr. Miss Lettice Fairfax was very sweet, and there was much cleverness in the playing of Mr. George Elton and Miss Margaret Moffatt.

Mr. Hartley Manners' very successful comedy, "Peg o' My Heart," seems to be running on without end, and its 658th performance last week saw it transferred to the Apollo Theatre and showing no signs of old age. Miss Moya Manning is, of course, now its mainstay, as was once Miss Laurette Taylor, and for cleverness and delightful Irish humour and gentle sentiment it would be difficult to choose between the two.



MME. NOIRTIER IN "MR. MANHATTAN," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: MLE. COLETTE DORIGNY.

When Mlle. Dorigny was in England before, she understudied Mlle. Gaby Deslys in Sir J. M. Barrie's "Rosy Rapture."—[Photo. by Hugh Cecil.]

TEA FROCKS

SPECIALLY designed to replace the more elaborate Evening Gown for home, dinner or restaurant wear. These frocks are simple, dainty and refined, and are made by our own workers.



Tea Frock, as sketch, in rich chiffon taffeta, with quaint semi-fitting bodice, with collar and cuffs of fine net and lace finished with Mayfair flowers. New full skirt, with gathered frills, picot edges and corded at foot. In rose, natter, saxe, grey, purple, black, pink and sky.

Price 98/6

To special measures 10/6 extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST. LONDON

Our book of New Tea Frocks and Wrappers posted free.





New Popular Overcoat

Made with newest
extending pockets
and fold-over collar,
edged contrasting
material.

FROM
10½ Gns.

Ernest.

Japonais straw Hat, very
light in weight, trimmed
Ribbon and underlined
contrasting straw.

32/6
(as sketch)

LADIES' TAILOR
and DRESSMAKER,

185, REGENT ST., W.

INEXPENSIVE REST GOWNS

Suitable for all manner of
occasions. Designed by
our own artists and made
in our own work-rooms from
rich quality materials. The
value of these gowns is
quite exceptional, while the
cut, style, and finish is of a
particularly high order.

Rest Gown (as sketch), in
silk Crêpe-de-Chine, with full
pleated skirt; made in various
lengths, folded bodice with
collar of écu lace with gold
threads, and pleated chiffon
elbow sleeves. Stocked in
black, lavender, hydrangea
shades of blue and pink, helio-
trophe, rose, two shades of saxe,
grey, white, sky and purple.

PRICE 69/6

Also in a heavier quality Crêpe-
de-Chine at 84/-

**Debenham
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



Can Your Complexion Stand this?

Or do you fear the wind and the
rain? Why not follow the example
of so many of Britain's beautiful
women and protect your skin
against the wind and the weather,
by using the fragrant, non-greasy

In dainty half-
crown vases,
at Chemists,
Stores, &c., and
from Mrs.
Pomeroy, Ltd.,
29 Old Bond St.
London, W.



DOUBLE CHIN or WRINKLES BANISHED by RADIUM.

"RADIUM" Pads,
Guaranteed (under £500
penalty) to contain
RADIUM, and to remain
Radio-active for 20
years. Very comfortable.

Simply wear during rest or sleep, and
Wrinkles or Double Chin disappear. Fore-
head Pads, 7/6. Chin Straps, 15/-. No
further cost. Never lose power; not detri-
mental to other treatments. From Hair-
dressing Dept., Harrods, Selfridges,
Barkers, D. H. Evans, Whiteleys, and
Drug Dept., Army and Navy Stores, or
post free from the Radium Co., 107, Oxford St., W.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),
as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.
POLICE DOGS (Airedales),
for house and personal guards,
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;
pups, 5 gns.
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,
IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,
2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423



The DRYAD Works
during the past year have
been making shell baskets,
and other war materials and
thus were unable to deliver
chairs, etc., with their usual
promptness. They can now
execute all orders as usual,
and they are also making
INVALID FURNITURE,
such as Carrying Chairs,
Bed Rests, Self-propelling
Chairs, Bed Tables, etc.,
catalogues of which will be
sent free, on application to
Odept Dryad CaneWorks,
St. Nicholas St., Leicester.

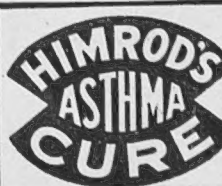
The Illustrated London News FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, etc.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

172, STRAND, W.C.

LOVELY EYELASHES

should surround beautiful eyes. Do
you care for yours? Send 1/- for
advice, brush, and box of
CURLASH CREAM
a colourless eyelash food.
A lady writes, after using one box:
'My eyelashes are much longer now.'
Dpt. S.K. THE BALDWIN MFG.
Co., 95, Wigmore St., London, W.
N.B.—Double size 1/6.



"It Worked
Like a Charm"
writes a clergy-
man who had
suffered from
Asthmatic af-
fection for fifty
years.
At all chemists
4/3 a tin.

X343



Delta
302-22/6

Jones's Discovery

"JONES doesn't feel the
pinch much," say his
business friends.
"Dresses as well as ever.
Look at his neat, dapper feet,
for instance."

And the fact is, Jones is
economising as hard as the
shabbiest-shod of them all, but
economising in the right direc-
tion. He has discovered what
excellent value Delta boots
are, how well they fit, how
well they wear.

"It's the fit that does it," he
confesses. "Makes them wear
twice as long and look worth
twice as much as they cost."

Delta

Agents everywhere
Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford
Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Boots

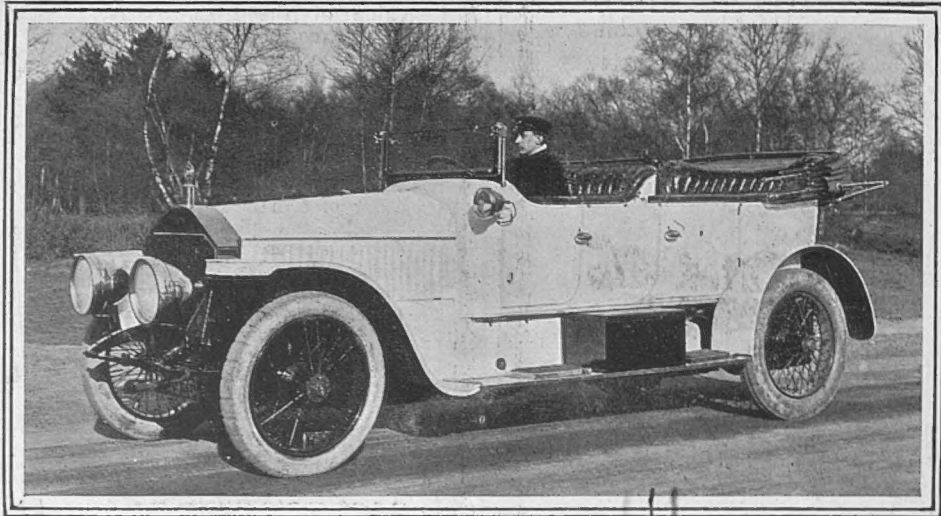
CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Phases of Felicity."

By OLGA RACSTER AND JESSICA GROVE.

(George Allen and Unwin.)

Felicity has as many phases as the moon, and might be described as a feminine satellite who circled round the planet of man. We meet her first going out to South Africa, having broken off an engagement. During the voyage another man came on the scene. The new flame burnt quickly, but was extinguished by the discovery that the man was married. Felicity sought solitude and oblivion at a South African ostrich-farm. Presently the man reappeared, and Felicity was upset with him out of a Cape-cart into a flooded river just as she was almost consenting to elope. They survived the river, but it induced in Felicity cooler reflections. She dismissed the man, and decided to take a post as music-teacher. Here endeth the first phase. The second shows us Felicity earning her living for the first time. During the third, yet another man appeared, was weighed in the scales, and found wanting. He behaved like a cad, and Felicity, badly compromised, took refuge with an artist friend and became a musical critic. The fourth phase introduces the war. The man of the liner, whose wife has meantime died, turns up in khaki, saying good-bye; and Felicity, left forlorn, follows him to England. Thus endeth the fourth phase, and in a brief *envoi* we read of a lovers' meeting at Victoria Station. "Just three days' leave . . . three days of Paradise . . . to-morrow, darling, you will be my wife." The story is a curious mixture of casual incidents and melodramatic coincidences, possibly accounted for by the dual authorship. Much of it reads like a book of reminiscences. The characters of Felicity and her feminine friends—and enemies—are lifelike enough; but the men are somewhat shadowy creatures.



AN EXAMPLE OF WAR-TIME ECONOMY: A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER RE-VARNISHED AND WITH A NEW-TYPE SCUTTLE AND SLOPING BONNET ADDED.

Many important car-owners nowadays are having their cars brought up to date at small cost. Here is a case in point—a six-cylinder Napier, which was supplied to its owner some years ago, and has now been modernised for him by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company of Putney, by means of re-varnishing and the addition of a new-type scuttle and sloping bonnet.

"Miss Pandora."

By M. E. NORMAN.

(Heinemann.)

Out of the unconventionalities and caprices of the heroine of Miss M. E. Norman's novel, "Miss Pandora," spring certain complications and moments of something threatening catastrophe; but, in the end, it remains debatable whether, as with her classic prototype, the gods endowed her with attributes pregnant with misfortune or with the blessings of life which she allowed to escape. Her story is told with skill and a sense of the dramatic. There is a mystery about her birth; she is beautiful, possessed of artistic talent; very feminine in her impulsive changes of mood; and her position in the home of an officer who is married to a writer of serial stories for the million, but is enamoured of Pandora, imparts

a strong element of romance into the story, with a suggestion of shipwreck for the impulsive girl. The romance of Pandora begins when, as an infant, she is found beside a stream, the only clues to her identity being the fact that she was wrapped in wonderful old Spanish lace, and that by her side was a silver box in which was an opal as big as a pigeon's egg set in a dull band of silver engraved, in Spanish, "To-day is yours; to-morrow belongs to God." The story which opens so romantically fulfils its early promise, but also there are humour and clever characterisation in it.

Her Majesty Queen Mary has just conferred

the honour of a Royal Certificate on the Hampstead War Hospital Supply Depot, 91, Finchley Road, N.W., in connection with the Central Depot, Surgical Branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, owing to the efficient organisation and excellent work which have marked its progress during the last eight months. It has already supplied over a hundred hospitals abroad and at home. Voluntary workers are still urgently needed, and should not be lacking for such absolutely indispensable work.

SHAFTESBURY.

MY LADY FRAYLE.

ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. A New Musical Play. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS. at 2.15.

EMPIRE THEATRE.

"FOLLOW THE CROWD."

EVERY EVENING at 8.15. ETHEL LEVEY, ROBERT HALE, JOSEPH COYNE. Varieties at 8.10. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays 2.15.

PALLADIUM, Managing Director, Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER.

Always the best Variety Entertainment in London. Three Performances Daily, 2.30, 6.10, 9.0. Programme for next week: Percy Honri's "1916 Revue" Harry Tate, Coram, Clarice Mayne and That, J. H. Wakefield, Bart's Trio, Harry Weldon, &c.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

DEVELOPING or PRINTING.

The BEST POSSIBLE got out of every negative and every print—every time. No waiting.

Any size, 1s. for 12 exposures; 6d for 6.

Prints or Postcards, 1d. (Cameras bought or exchanged.)

MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHEMIST, SOUTHAMPTON.

PARENTS assisted in choice of Schools in KENT, SURREY, SUSSEX, HANTS, BERKS.

All information free.

Address: "Register," Room 2, Victoria Station (S.E. & C.R.), S.W.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Ninety-Three (Jan. 5 to March 29 1916) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d. Six Months, 15s. 1d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 4d. Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 10d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 8d. Six Months, 16s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s. 5d. Three Months, 8s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 9s. 4d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2. Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s.

Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

- Our Cottage and a Motor. Margaret Moncrieff. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen and Unwin.)
 Poor, Dear Providence. Philip Kent. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
 A Great Success. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
 Me and Harris. Barry Pain. 1s. net. (Werner Laurie.)
 Should She Have Told Him? By the Author of "My Wife's Hidden Life." 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Prudence of the Parsonage. Ethel Hueston. 6s. (Nash.)
 Miss Pandora. M. E. Norman. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)
 The Little Lady of the Big House. Jack London. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)
 The Little Demon. Feodor Sologub. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
 The King's Men. John Palmer. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
 Number 17. Louis Tracy. 6s. (Cassell.)

FICTION (Continued)—

- The Iron Age. F. Brett Young. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
 The Man Who Came Back from the Dead. Gaston Leroux. 6s. (Nash.)
 The Man and the Woman. F. C. Philips and A. R. T. Philips. 6s. (Nash.)
 In the Field. Marcel Dupont. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
 An Outraged Society. A. Brownlow Fforde. 6s. (Allen and Unwin.)
 Earth to Earth. Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)
 The Winds of the World. Talbot Mundy. 6s. (Cassell.)
 David Blaize. E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Canada in Flanders. Sir Max Aitken, M.P. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Ballads of Battle. Written and Illustrated by Corporal Joseph Lee. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LIMITED,

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.

The Regent St House of PETER ROBINSON LTD

LONDON, W

Juvenile Fashions

We make a specialty of Juvenile Fashions. Everything the young lady needs in way of Clothing is obtainable here in the smartest styles and most serviceable fabrics, yet at prices no higher than those asked elsewhere

for clothes of the mediocre kind. Here are a few examples of the excellent styles & values we offer:—



R.S. 1J.—Dainty Washing Dress in White Spot Muslin, with full skirt, good hem and tucks. Bodice trimmed with Val. Lace and insertion, finished at waist with Pale Blue or Pink Soft Satin Sash. In sizes 39 to 48 ins. 33/6
Rising 2/- a size.



R.S. 2J.—Useful Washing Dress for girl, skirt and shoulder straps in dainty shades of Zephyr and checks; blouse of White Spot Muslin or Haircord Muslin. In sizes 27 to 36 ins. 27 in size 15/6
Rising 2/- a size
With Spot Muslin Blouse, without smocking, 27 in. size 13/6



R.S. 5J.—Stylish Costume for young lady, made with the fashionable full lines modified to suit the juvenile figure. Available in Navy Blue Serge, Black and White Check, and Aberdare Cord.

In Aberdare Cord and Black and White Check, 12 to 14 years' sizes 73/6

In Navy Serge, 12 to 14 years' sizes 79/6

Rising 2/6 a size.



R.S. 4J.—Girl's Coat and Skirt in Navy Blue Serge, suitable for school wear. The fullness of the coat is held in at waist with Black Patent Leather Belt. For girls from 10 to 16 years. 10 to 12 years' sizes 42/-
Rising 2/6 a size.



R.S. 3J.—Smart Paletot for young lady, in Navy Coating Serge; can be worn with or without the shoulder cape. For girls from 12 to 17 years. In Navy Serge, 39 in. size 59/6
In Black and White Check, 39 in. size 63/-
Rising 3/6 a size.

Handkerchief LINEN BLOUSE

An exact copy of a "Jeanne Lanvin" model, entirely hand-made, by our own skilled workers, from soft pure linen, with novel trimming of hand-made linen strapping and new cambric beading. An ideal Summer blouse.

PRICE
29/6

Stocked also in Georgette, 39/6
Or in our well-known extra heavy Crêpe-de-Chine ... 49/6

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Debenham & Freebody,
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



TEA FROCKS

SPECIALLY designed to replace the more elaborate Evening Gown for home, dinner or restaurant wear. These frocks are simple, dainty and refined, and are made by our own workers.



Tea Frock, as sketch, in shot satin, with new cape collar of ivory georgette, cape picot edged with simple cross-over bodice to tie round waist with sash ends at back. Full skirt, corded at foot, finished French bouquet, long chiffon sleeves, with bows at wrist. In apricot, lavender, grey, pink, sky, rose, lemon, peach and black.

Price 78/6

To special measures 10/6 extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.
LONDON

and at
Scarborough Harrogate
Leeds York

Our Book of Spring Tea Frocks and Wrappers posted free.

The Regent St House Peter Robinson



THE WARWICK SERVICE.

Reg. No. 654132.

PRESENTATION SILVER.

THE Tea and Coffee Service illustrated is typical of the high standard of workmanship and finish which have made the name of Mappin & Webb famous for over a century. It is entirely hand made and eminently suitable for presentation purposes.

Send for Catalogue.

Mappin & Webb

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

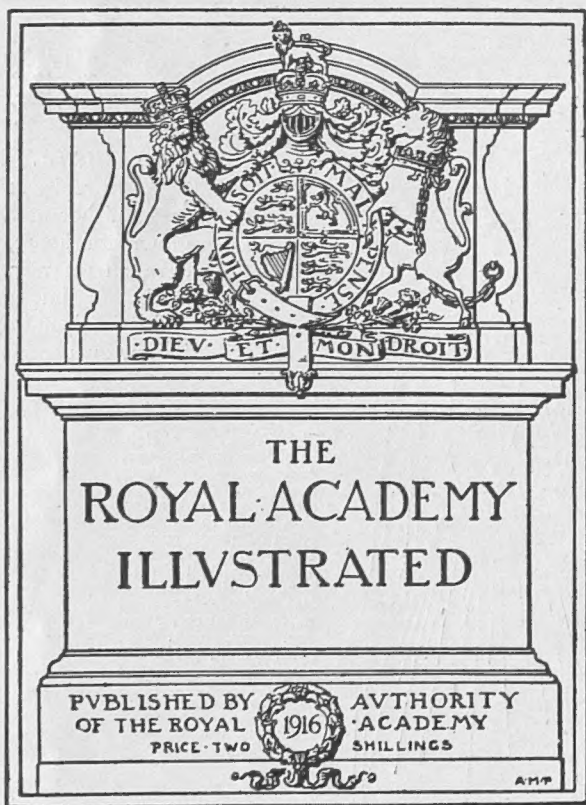
LTD.

158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

172, REGENT STREET, W.

Manufactory and Showrooms—ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

Ready
May 1st2/-
NET.Ready
May 1st2/-
NET.

The Royal Academy Illustrated, 1916.

Published by Authority of the Royal Academy.

Will be the ONLY Annual Illustrated Volume containing reproductions of Works of the R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s, and other leading pictures of the year, by the latest and most exquisite process hitherto devised—that of Photogravure.

IT WILL BE ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND WITHIN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INEXPENSIVE SHIRTS

ALL our Tailor Shirts are our own exclusive production. They are exceptionally well cut from really dependable materials. They entirely fill the present demand for practical and becoming Shirts at a particularly moderate price.



Smart Tailor Cut Shirt, in white lawn, front finished box pleats and crochet buttons, turn back cuffs. Sizes 13½ to 15 inches.

Price 10/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST.
LONDON

and at

SCARBOROUGH HARROGATE
LEEDS YORK